Vol. CXXXI. No. 1699.

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[THE BYSTANDER, JULY 8, 1936.

The BYSTANDER

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Geneva. — Hotel Richemond. — First-class family hotel, overlooking lake. Most up-to-date. Rooms from Frs. 5.50.

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Lausanne. — Belvedere Hotel. — Best pos., first-class cuisine, diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive, from £5.

Lausanne.—Hotel Byron.—First-cl. Family Hotel, all comf. Best pos. Excellent cuisine, diet. Weekly terms, all incl. from £4.10.0.

Lausanne.–Ouchy.–Meurice Hotel.–On the Lake. 100 beds. Best 1st-class. New prices for 1936. 10 Frs. daily. Garden, Garage.

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Lucerne.—Carlton Hotel.—1st-class. Finest sit. on lake. Reasonable terms. Private sun & lake baths free for guests. Park, Tennis, Gar.

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Montreux.—Montreux Palace Hotel.—Ideal for holidays at all seasons. All rms. fac. lake. Mod. Comft. Golf, Tennis, Lge. Pk., Gar., Bch.

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The Bystander, July 8, 1936

No. 1699. Vol. CXXXI.

The BYSTANDER

Sylvia Sidney—Hollywood to Shepherd's Bush

Sylvia Sidney is twice topical at the moment: she is in *Fury* at the Empire, and she is at the Gaumont-British Studios at Shepherd's Bush, making her first English film. In *Fury* her part is secondary to Spencer Tracy's, and both are subsidiary to the subject—a brilliant exposure of lynching, America's contribution to mob-law history. But, as always, her acting is sensitive, intelligent and attractive. For Gaumont-British, she is starring with John Loder and Oscar Homolka in *Sabotage*, a thriller based on a Conrad story and directed by Alfred Hitchcock. Sylvia Sidney was born in New York in 1910, of a Rumanian father and a Russian mother; went on the stage when she was twelve, was discovered to have a perfect "talkie" voice, made a film and hated it and went back to the stage, then became a star overnight when Paramount played her opposite Gary Cooper in *City Streets*. Other films that place her reminiscently are *Street Scene* and *If I Had a Million* (with Laughton), and more recently, *Accent on Youth* (with Herbert Marshall) and *Mary Burns, Fugitive*. And as an antidote to studio nerves and boredom between "takes"—she knits

Fayer of Vienna, Dorland House

Lenare

Engagement of the Week

Mr. John Smiley and Lady Cecilia Wellesley

John Smiley and Lady Cecilia Wellesley announced their engagement last week, having known each other well and been to parties together since Lady Cecilia came out in 1934. She is Clare Countess Cowley's younger daughter, a half-sister of the present Earl, and was twenty at Easter. Her mother is the late Sir Francis Stapleton's daughter, and married the late Earl Cowley as his third wife in 1914. John Smiley is twenty-six, the second son of the late Major Sir John Smiley and Valerie Lady Smiley, and a brother of Sir Hugh Smiley, the third and present Baronet

THE PASSING HOUR

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

THE Government did not come very well out of the debate on the War Minister's speech in Paris, in which he appeared to some people to have advocated an Anglo-French Alliance. The case for the defence was a fairly good one, but it was entrusted to the wrong man. Sir John Simon's deadly skill at marshalling a defence in the Law Courts often defeats its own end in the House of Commons. In the curious atmosphere of the House over-cleverness can be worse than plain and honest dulness, and Sir John has certainly acquired a reputation for over-cleverness. The result is that when he makes one of his "clear and lucid" speeches, a great many people find themselves subconsciously wondering what all that clarity and lucidity is trying to conceal.

LORD ULLSWATER'S report on the organisation of the B.B.C. has been in the main accepted by the Government. But there is to be no senior Cabinet Minister in charge of broadcasting. The general control is to remain with the Post Office. (Incidentally, this is one of the most superb examples of British illogicality that the world has ever seen. The great new medium of diffusing culture to every home, of educating the masses, of spreading music and knowledge, is entrusted, not to the Minister of Education, not to a Minister of Fine Arts, not to an independent, non-departmental Minister like the Lord President of the Council, but to the Post Office, presumably on the ground that Mozart's music on the air is the same as a registered letter in a sack, because both are communications.)

But the alleged control over the private lives of the Staff of the Corporation is handled very gingerly by the Government. The B.B.C. is to "follow the general practice of the Civil Service." This is an extremely dim pronouncement, so dim as to be positively ghostly.

TO those who are interested in the administration of justice in the land—and there have been many such since the days of the Roman Occupation down to the Lord High Chancellorship of the Viscount Hailsham—I would like to recommend the study of the sentences recently passed in the East End of London on those who stick up posters inciting people to Jew-baiting, and on those who tear down the posters. I would also advise a glance at a peculiar tale which comes, viâ a small paragraph in a journal of the very highest standing, from Scotland. A gentleman, found guilty of a trespassing offence, asked that he should not only be dismissed, but should be dismissed without recording a conviction. In support of this bold request he is reported by the aforesaid journal to have said: "I would ask you to do this as in the near future I am likely to receive a high State appointment." He was dismissed and no conviction was recorded. This case should be studied with careful parallel attention to any sentences, given in any magistrate's court, at any time, for trespass, when the offender is unlikely, in the near or the remote future, to receive even a very low State appointment.

Two Hamlets

Donald Wolfit was studying his part of Hamlet beneath the Hamlet statue at Stratford. B. Iden Payne's production for the Festival opened on Monday, with Valerie Tudor as Ophelia (she played Portia to Donald Wolfit's Cassius in "Julius Cæsar"). This year is Wolfit's first at Stratford

LONDON'S UNIVERSITY is celebrating its Centenary with the usual junketings and congratulations. It is a strange and rather sad commentary upon the world's greatest city that its University should be such a chicken. Bologna got its first special privileges from Frederick Barbarossa in 1158 and Paris' Sorbonne was founded in 1253, and Oxford was flourishing in the thirteenth century, and St. Andrews was founded in 1411.

But London, which could call its financial Street after the Lombards, and could adopt the three gilt balls of the Medicis, forgot to acquire at the same time a little of the spirit of Bologna and Pavia.

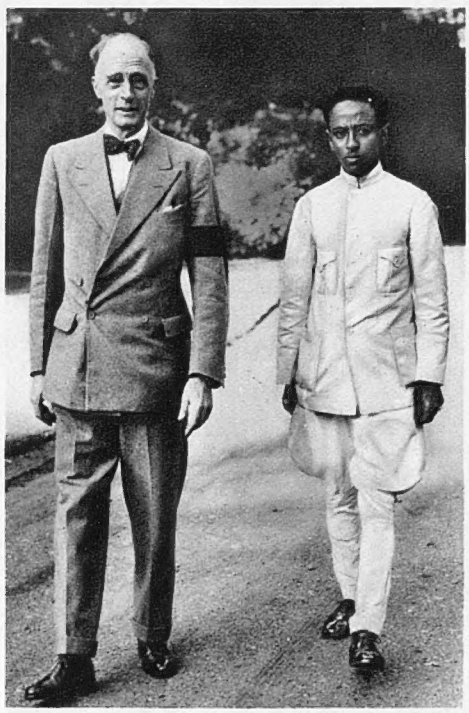
THE KING has graciously rescinded the order of his grandfather which insisted that the Yeomen of the Guard must grow beards. The Beefeaters now may follow their own fancies in the matter of what Mr. Wodehouse has called face-fungus. This is all in accordance with the spirit of the age, and yet there is something a little sad in the gradual passing of that noble appendage to masculine splendour. Victorian England was better represented by W.G.'s beard than by the Crystal Palace, and many a Sultan swore picturesquely by the beard of the Prophet. Mr. Clifford Bax is a perfect successor to Van Dyke and Count Apponyi of Hungary was a superb figure at Geneva. But the beard is dying. Even in France the dignity of the waving iron-grey beard, once so common a sight wherever men of substance were gathered, is giving way to the typically modern necessity of being able to fit on a gas-mask at double-quick time.

THE result of the Eton and Winchester cricket match must surely give the cricketing pundits ground for long and

severe reflection. The match was left drawn for the fifth year in succession and for the twelfth time in the last fifteen years. The Eton and Harrow game has been left unfinished eleven times during the last fourteen years. Thus twenty-nine matches have produced only six definite results. Whether the ground is hard or soft, whether the weather is hot or cold, the flower of England's amateur youth seems almost incapable of playing cricket as a game and not as a tedious business. Things were very different in the old days. Eton and Winchester played thirty-six matches before the first draw was recorded, and twenty years passed before the second. People often sneer at the dourness of the Lancashire-Yorkshire struggles, but those two stubborn counties reach more decisions than our dashing young care-free amateurs. Perhaps the reason is that the public schools concentrate more upon teaching the art of batting than of bowling. But whatever the reason, the result is dismal.

FOUR short lines on the front page of the *Times* recall the great toast which was given by an infantry colonel in a dug-out twenty years ago. On the night before the flower of Britain's new armies flung itself against the German entrenchments on the Somme, the commander of a certain battalion of the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry lifted his glass with the words, "Gentlemen, when the barrage lifts."

THOSE who have defended the actions of Italy during the last six or eight months will find it a little difficult to justify the Italian journalists who tried to shout down the Emperor at Geneva. Even Mr. J. M. N. Jeffries, the famous war correspondent, who published a queer, muddled pamphlet in defence of the treaty-breakers, will have his work cut out. A more disgraceful exhibition of hooliganism would be difficult to imagine.



Sir Sidney Barton and Getahum

Sir Sidney Barton arrived in England last week for a long-postponed four months' leave; he brought Getahum with him, his young Abyssinian "gentleman's gentleman." On the very day of Sir Sidney's arrival, Mr. Mander asked a question in the House about British representation in Ethiopia; Lord Cranborne told him that the Addis legation was in charge of the First Secretary, who was "in contact with the Italian Command"

"Nurse" Wynyard

Diana Wynyard calls that neat blue and white outfit "my nurse's uniform." She started rehearsing her new play last week: it is called "Ante-Room," is based on Kate O'Brien's novel, and has Guthrie McClintic (Katharine Cornell's husband) as producer. It opens in Edinburgh on July 27th and comes to London in August

UP to a point the Indians did very well in the first Test match. They gained a lead on the first innings, and deserve all the congratulations which they have received. But the other side of the picture is not so pleasant. The full batting strength of England (minus the one and only Walter Hammond) was dismissed for under 150 runs. It is true that the wicket was not good. But I seem to remember Hobbs and Sutcliffe batting on a beast of a wicket at the Oval in 1926 against the Australians, and they made a century apiece. If our batsmen can do no better than 137 against a side that was defeated by Durham County, what will they do against Masters Grimmett and O'Reilly?

SIR ARTHUR SALTER, who has just been appointed Chairman of the Railway Tribunal, belongs to a type which hardly exists outside this country. He is a kind of super-Civil Servant. During the war he achieved miracles of organisation in the world of shipping and practically controlled the entire tonnage of the Allies. After the war his work for the League was equally brilliant, and many of the League's most successful achievements in the spheres of finance and economics came from Sir Arthur's brain.

THE death of Sir Lionel Phillips removes another of that group of men who, for better or for worse, so far as South Africa is concerned, made South Africa what it is to-day. Rhodes and Barnato, Eckstein and Goltzman, Julius Wernher and Alfred Beit, the Joels, Leander Starr Jameson, J. B. Robinson—the names are echoes of those battles for the gold and the diamonds. Other battles had to be fought in Africa before the gold and the diamonds were made safe for plutocracy, but they were fought by other men, at places like Magersfontein and Colenso and Spion Kop. Mr. Hilaire Belloc's poem about it all is one of the most savage bits of devastating irony that have ever been written.

I WENT, for the first time for years, to Wimbledon. I was struck by
(*a*) the ferocious serving of the ladies. I saw Mme. Henrotin beat Mr. Van Ryn by sheer pace of her service. He could not touch it;
(*b*) the unbelievably low standard of play in the Men's Doubles;
(*c*) the accurate driving of Mme. Sperling and the brilliant court-craft of Miss Jacobs;
(*d*) The extraordinary skill of the linesmen.

Umbrella Weather at Henley

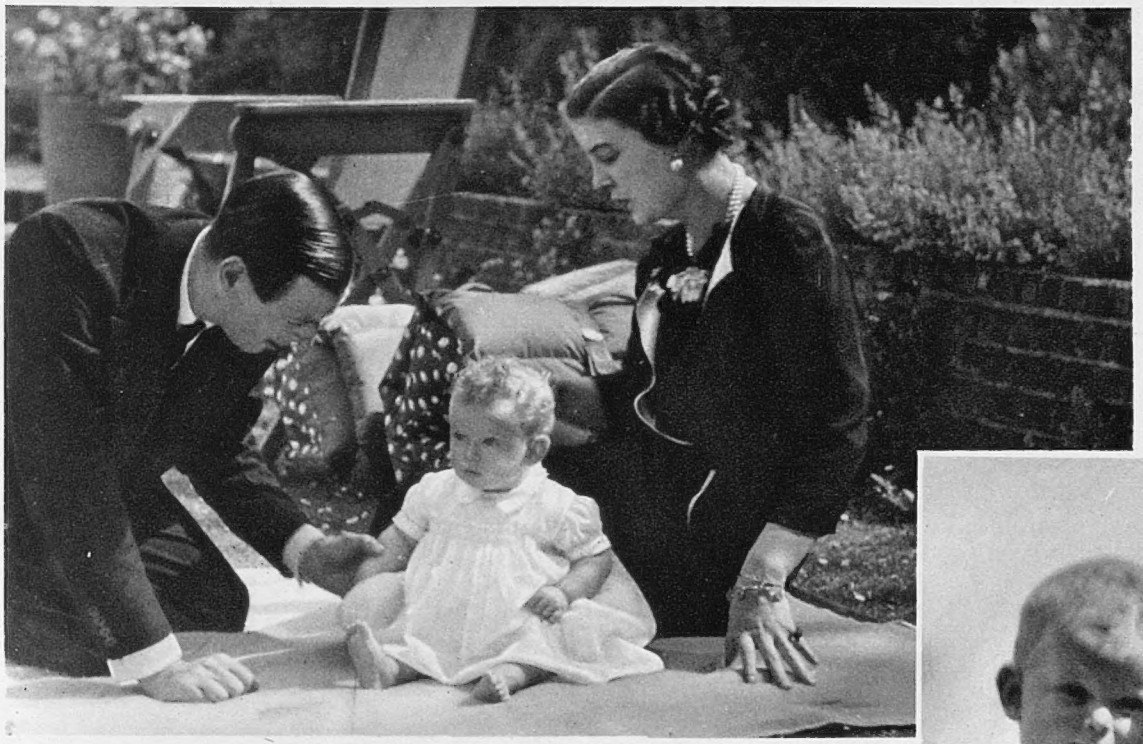
King Prajadhibok and Queen Rambai of Siam visited Henley Royal Regatta with Prince Chula-Chakrabongse, their nephew, for the second day's racing. The King made some films, despite the unpleasant weather; the only sun was the rising sun of the Tokyo University crew, who won as they liked from Quintin B.C. in heat No. 5, taking the course at a "strong paddle" of 48, putting it up to 56 in their final spurt. "We could have rowed faster," said their coach

The Duke and Duchess of Kent and Their Son

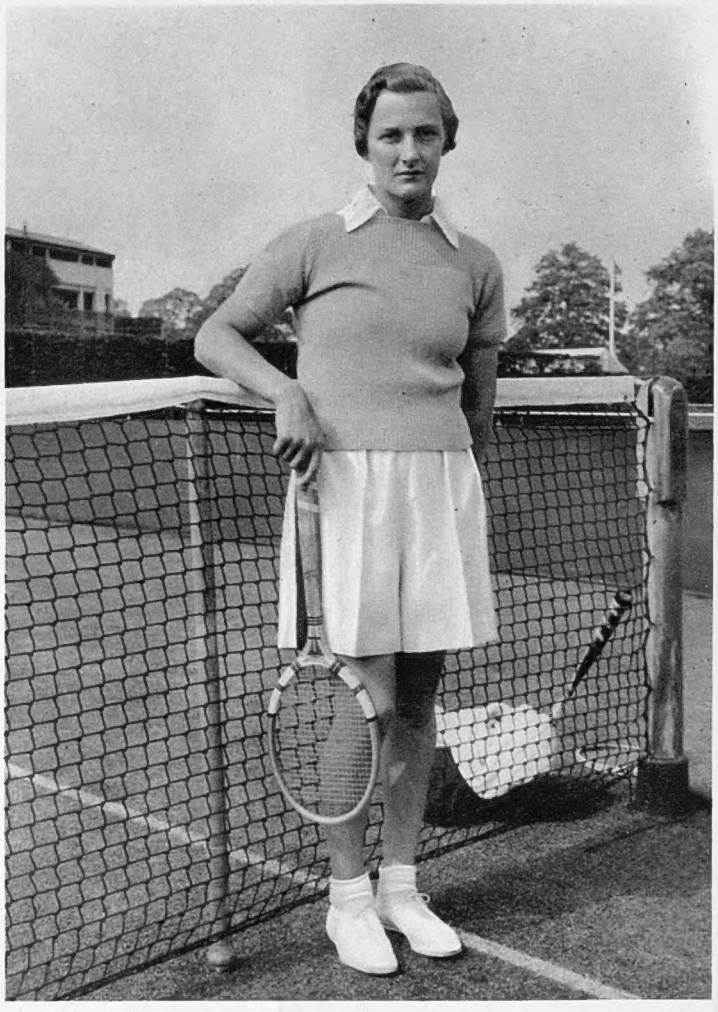
At Home Pictures in Buckinghamshire

By Courtesy of Gaumont-British News

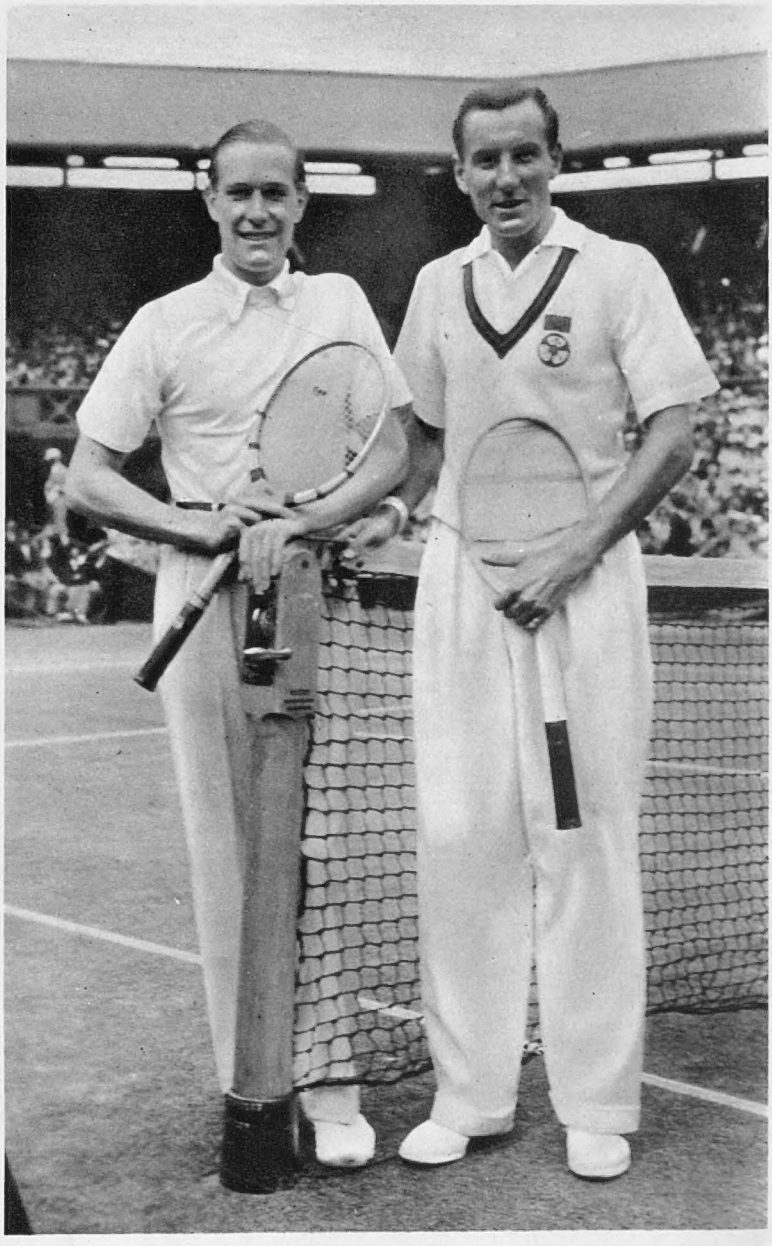
Prince Edward and His Mother



THE DUKE and DUCHESS OF KENT'S new home is Coppins, at Iver in Buckinghamshire, the house left to the Duke by his aunt, Princess Victoria, who had lived there for many years. The new owners, after altering and redecorating it, moved in in June with their baby son, Edward George Nicholas Paul Patrick, who was born nine months ago to-morrow. These attractive family pictures are part of a short film taken at Coppins by Gaumont-British and shown in their programmes last week. The small Prince at first considered the proceeding with doubtful solemnity and ignored all his parents' efforts to cheer him up; then he decided that everything was all right and smiled happily at the camera of his own accord



Miss Helen Jacobs of America



von Cramm and Perry

Fru S. Sperling of Denmark

Wimbledon—Grande Finale

The Singles Champions and Runners-up

On Friday Fred Perry became Singles Champion at Wimbledon for the third year running (a post-war record) by beating von Cramm 6—1, 6—1, 6—0. Von Cramm's strained thigh-muscle made the battle a sadly one-sided affair; it was a gallant efforton his part to play through the match. Saturday saw Miss Jacobs and Fru Sperling (who was Hilda Krahwinkel) meeting for the first time in the finals at Wimbledon. Helen Jacobs had been five times a finalist, Fru Sperling once—in 1931, when she beat Miss Jacobs in the semi-final and then lost to Fräulein Aussem. On the whole it looked like the Championship going to America once more

Going Out to Goings-On

The "Bystander" Records the Social Round

GOING out and going on from one place to another lost much of its flavour last week. We missed one of the most delightful and deservedly popular personalities in Mayfair in the person of Mr. Eddie Tatham, who suffered a tragic loss in the sudden and quite unexpected death of his sister, Mrs. Joan Dashfield.

His bereavement is made even sadder because he has been worried for months over the serious illness of his mother, to whom he is devoted.

It is hard to think of anyone so gay and kind and amusing as Mayfair's favourite bachelor stricken by a very real and poignant family sorrow.

Fair and Warmer

WE hear glowing accounts of the river party given by the Kenneth Waggs one night last week.

The weather, of course, did its best to ruin everything, but on assurance that all was "fair and warmer" at Bray, everyone decided to risk it, and the long trek by motor-car began.

It was a divine evening, and it seemed incredible, after leaving London in a deluge, to dine on the terrace at the Hotel de Paris, and float down stream afterwards without a coat, in the lovely, balmy summer air.

Best Dress of All

IF an excuse for a party was needed, Miss Ursula Horlick should be thanked for this one, as her sister, Mrs. Wagg, and her husband gave it to celebrate her re-engagement to Mr. Stafford Howard Stepney.

Many white dresses were worn—by Miss Horlick, Mrs. Musker, Lady Patricia Latham, and Mrs. Patsy Richardson among others. Mrs. Wagg's mother, Mrs. Horlick, wore a pale printed dress and an ermine dinner-jacket that was the essence of chic; Mrs. Robin d'Erlanger, an ultra-becoming dress of dark purple faille. Mrs. Mike Wardell's dress was said to be one of the best of all: black-and-white muslin of definitely Parisian simplicity, the low back hidden by a silver fox cape. The Hon. Mrs. Drogo Montagu motored over from Leatherhead.

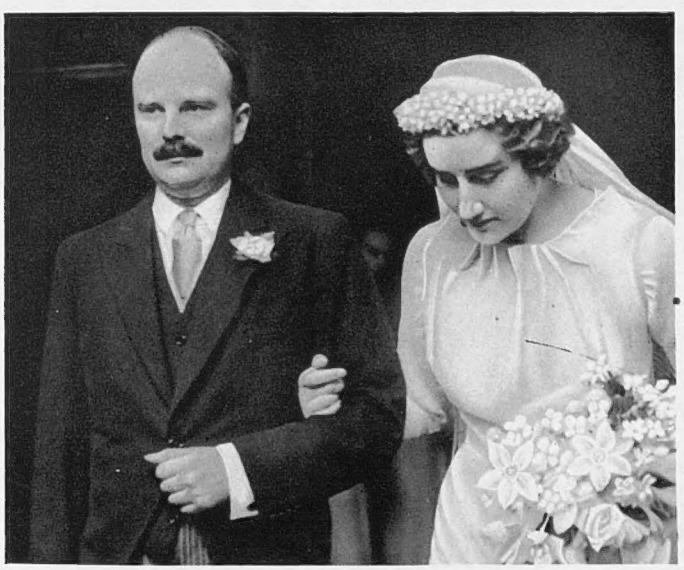
Those two very smart young-marrieds, Mrs. Anthony Acton, and the hostess herself, both wore rather severe dresses, of black and dark blue respectively, and lovely jewellery. All the young husbands were there, as well as sundry eligible bachelors, like Mr. Robin Wilson, Mr. John de Forest, Mr. Teddy Wagg, and Mr. Bill Clyde.

Right: Mr. Alec Desmond Adams and Miss Joan Margaret Legh-Jones were married at St. Margaret's, Westminster. She is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Legh-Jones, of 41, Chester Terrace, Regent's Park. Mr. Adams is the younger son of the late Leonard Adams and Mrs. Adams, of 48, Portland Place, W.

Adams — Legh-Jones

Sir Philip Dundas and Miss Jean Hood

Above: Jean Hood is the third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Hood, of Polton House, Lasswade, Midlothian; Sir Philip Dundas, the fourth Baronet, is the late Sir Henry Dundas and Lady Beatrix Dundas's son; his mother is Lord Home's sister. The marriage took place in Edinburgh, at the Cathedral Church of St. Mary



Mr. G. Nicholson and Lady Katharine Lindsay

Left: Godfrey Nicholson, Mr. Richard and the late Mrs. Nicholson's younger son, married Lady Katharine Lindsay at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. She is the fifth daughter of the Earl and Countess of Crawford

An Unnecessary Stipulation

WHEN the famous artist Salvador Dali delivered a lecture at the Surrealist Exhibition last week, he wore a diving-suit specially lent for the occasion by Lord Berners, who had hired it from a well-known stores.

After delivering the suit, the head of the diving department telephoned to ask for what purpose the diving-suit was required, and on being told that it was for a "lecture," said they only wished to stipulate that, if it was for diving, the depth must be limited to forty fathoms!

In Bond Street just afterwards we met Mrs. John McConnell, a pretty Canadian, wearing a hat that was faintly reminiscent of the exhibition. It had a brim of dark-blue straw, a gent's evening collar instead of a crown, with the wing opening in front and a little green bow tie!

Expensive Invitations

INVITATIONS to cocktail-parties arrive in daily batches, and it is largely a question of district as to how many one can go to between the hours of six and eight.

Mr. Robert Heber-Percy, who gave an extraordinarily good one on one of the hotter of recent days, asked all his

The Birkenhead Christening

Lord and Lady Birkenhead's baby was christened Frederick William Robin (officially he is Viscount Furneaux)—Frederick after the late Earl and William after his other grandfather, Lord Camrose. In the picture are the Hon. Frank Pakenham and the Hon. Seymour Berry (in doorway), Lord and Lady Birkenhead, Margaret Lady Birkenhead (in doorway), and Lady Eleanor Smith

guests only the day before by sending reply-paid telegrams. Great blocks of ice surrounding magnums of champagne were parked around the room to help us to feel cool, and people clustered on to a small balcony overlooking the garden, in a mistaken belief that there was more air outside than in.

An Uncommon Guest

Lady Pamela Barry was an early arrival, and looked very chic in a blue-and-white spotted suit. Lady " Coote " Lygon, and Miss " Baby " Jungman, who arrived with Lord Sudley, wore pale, cool-looking dresses and no hats.

Lady Stanley of Alderley and Mrs. Julie Shipman, were making preliminary adieux, for they sail for America on Wednesday next, Lady Stanley going only for a short holiday to Newport, and then back to the decorating job that she likes so much. Lord and Lady Weymouth were at this party, and Lady Lettice Ashley Cooper and Mr. Oliver Messel, who had made an early dash into a white tie and tails, and was dining at the awkward hour of seven-thirty.

The Duke and Duchess of Kent were at the cocktail-party given by Sir John and Lady Milbanke at their house in St. John's Wood last Wednesday. An original visitor in the person of an organ-grinder and a monkey called " Jenny " caused great amusement, especially when the animal sat on the heads of various women guests and played with their hair.

Some New Faces

Yet another party — on a really grand scale—was given by Mrs. Charles Cartwright last week at her lovely apartment in Brook Street.

There were some new and very attractive faces—chiefly American, we discovered on enquiry. One lovely brunette dressed in black ciré satin, talking to Mr. " Bill " Garthwaite, excited a major amount of interest.

Mrs. Woolley-Hart, in a super-cocktail suit of aquamarine slipper satin, worn with a royal blue halo, blouse and sandals, looked the picture of health after a long sojourn on her South Sea island. She returned to this country on the Queen Mary's first home-coming voyage.

Mrs. Claud Leigh and Mrs. Charles Sweeny proved that pale grey cloth and fur agrees equally well with both blondes and brunettes. Sir Hugh Seeley put in an unaccustomed appearance at a six-o'clock party.

If Peace is Restored

Mrs. Brokaw, a young and lovely American widow, wore a strange mediæval " head-piece," and men fairly clustered around her sofa.

It was a very good party, and we were sorry to hear that the hostess is leaving us soon. She has taken that heavenly villa belonging to Mrs. Osborne at Cap d'Antibes, so if peace and reason are restored in France before a long autumn descends upon us, we hope to see her in the South.

The Originality We Expect

The dance that Lord Queensberry gave for his daughter, Lady Patricia Douglas, was a great success. She is a lucky little girl to have two " coming-out " parties all to herself.

Her stepmother, Lady Queensberry, arranged this particular party with all the forethought, cleverness and originality that we have learnt to expect from an artist (in every meaning of the word) like " Cathleen Mann."

The negro attendant on the doorstep was a cross between that picturesque befeathered prince who attends all good race meetings, and one of those effective " Oliver Messel " figures each side of the band platform at the San Marco.

People came and went and came back again, a proof of a super party.

With the exception of the hostess's exquisite hand-painted dress, we liked best Lady Portarlington's voluminous black tulle creation and particularly her little white jacket with fleur de lys embroidery on the shoulders.

Myrna Loy's Double

It is impossible to go to a party, a restaurant, or particularly a cinema, with Lady Moira Combe without polite enquiries arriving re the settlement of bets, messages, and autograph albums, asking if she is Myrna Loy. It happened last Thursday when we saw her lunching at the new restaurant in Arlington Street. Lady Moira was wearing a tiny black cap trimmed with a clump of garden-path flowers, a square-shouldered white linen jacket, and Myrna Loy herself could not have looked more attractive.

Mrs. Leonard Govett was in the same party in a black woollen suit studded with small shiny sequins, a ridiculous but most becoming little yellow hat, a yellow sash and gloves. She is American, and always wears original and exciting clothes.

MISS PEEPS

Hawaiian Party

Above: Miss Jane Falcke arrived with Lord Donegall at Mrs. Philip Carr's big fancy-dress party at Montrose House, near Richmond. Dress instructions: grass skirt and flower decorations for women; white flannels and red cummerbund for men

Left: the party was called a " Hawaiian Luau " and Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Leveson-Gower, Miss Sonia Converse, Mr. Jim Sainsbury, and Mme. Provatorov were there. Mme. Provatorov and her sister, Audrey Carten, have just translated Deval's " Mademoiselle " for Noel Coward

John Everard

Racegoer's Dream

Howard Coster

The Great Korda at Work

It is two years since Alexander Korda directed a film himself; now he is back on the floor of the Denham Studios as director of the Laughton picture, *Rembrandt*, with brother Vincent in partnership as art director. That means a sort of holiday for Korda from the office of managing director of London Films and all the home organisation and international bargaining that goes on there—or maybe it just means the daily schedule of this creative dynamo is even more packed with work than usual. Besides running his own company (four years old now) he holds a directorship of United Artists, and has the tricky business of organising a star exchange between Hollywood and Denham. Annabella, Miriam Hopkins, Edward G. Robinson, Paderewski, Henry Fonda are a few of the visitors on Korda's pay-roll at the moment. Some time this month an even more glittering (and expensive) name appears there, when Marlene Dietrich arrives to make her first English film, *Knight Without Honour*. Korda more than anyone else started the flow of home-made pictures out of and foreign stars into the country; in fact, the industry owes a whole lot to this one-time newspaper man from Hungary

"After You, Who . . .?"

A New "Bystander" Series of

Celebrities in Cameo

No. 28

Gottfried, Freiherr von Cramm

GOTTFRIED, FREIHERR VON CRAMM, who beat Fred Perry in the French Championships only six weeks ago, has the best manners on the tennis courts of any player, whether English or foreign. He always makes the most charming excuses for beaten opponents. He never loses his temper, never throws his racquet about, and, in fact, is an object-lesson in good behaviour. When he is in action, he neither grins fatuously nor scowls. No wonder the sales of the picture postcards at Wimbledon prove that he is the most popular of all the aces. His impeccable style reminds the old stagers of the Dohertys, for he is quite the most orthodox of all the foreigners; at the same time he is much more virile than the Dohertys. His first service is very fast. His second is high-kicking, and almost equally awkward to take. He practically never serves a double fault, and always lies in bed until at least eleven o'clock when he is engaged in the Championships. For he has no nerves, and sleeps like a child, irrespective of what the next day may bring. It was in 1930 that he first played at Wimbledon, and was beaten in straight sets by Fred Perry. He was then only nineteen, but already wore the red-and-white belt of the famous Berlin club.

BARON VON CRAMM is the third of seven brothers, one of whom, like his father, went to Balliol. It was his father who first taught him lawn tennis, and, when he showed promise, agreed that he should give up his law studies, because there were far too many lawyers and far too few tennis players. To-day he plays forty-eight weeks a year, and does gymnasium work for the remaining month. Yet he never gets stale. Next month he goes over to the United States to annex the title, if possible, and so his father's eleventh-century property in the Harz Mountains seldom sees him. His very beautiful wife, by-the-bye, was Freiin von Dobeneck. He himself is five feet eleven, and weighs exactly ten stone. He never smokes, never wears an eyeshade, never diets, never plays golf, and does not consider that ping-pong (beg pardon, table tennis) can possibly be regarded as a sport. Shooting, fishing, hockey or swimming are another matter. As to lawn tennis, he has been coached by both Robert Kleinschrot and Roman Naguch. Baron von Cramm is one of the best-looking boys I have ever met. He has clear, grey-blue eyes set in his head very much like the late T. E. Lawrence's. He talks admirable English, thanks to an English governess, has very white teeth, and blond hair brushed back. He dresses like an Englishman, enjoys life and, thank goodness, refuses absolutely to wear those appalling shorts which Tom Webster guys so unmercifully and deservedly.

Charles Graves

Al Fresco Fare

Henry VIII. at the Open Air Theatre, Regent's Park

Katharine of Aragon (Phyllis Neilson-Terry) is blandished from queendom by Wolsey (Baliol Holloway)

FROM the Trees of His Majesty's Theatre to the trees of Regent's Park is a mighty big step, but by no means one in the wrong direction. Sydney Carroll's production of *Henry VIII.* may lack the elaborate trappings and theatrical splendour we came to associate with Sir Beerbohm's efforts, but there is something about Shakespeare's lines which seems to thrive on fresh air, and, even if one wishes that a play had been chosen which was not so full of interior scenes, the tragedy loses none of its poignancy through being enacted in the open air.

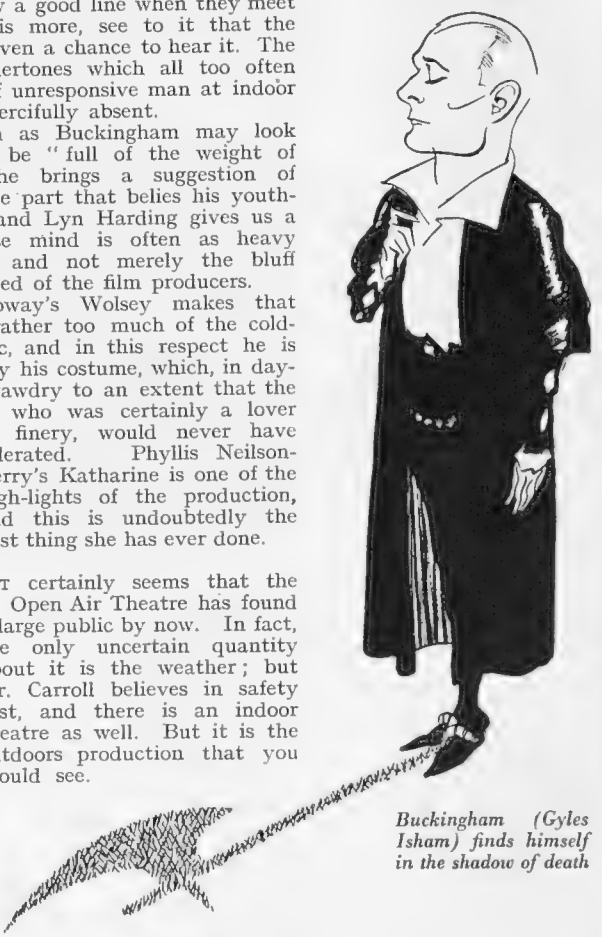
After all, if one's imagination is so poor that it is impossible to make believe sufficiently to accept a glade in Regent's Park as a hall in Blackfriars, Shakespeare could not mean much to one, anyway!

IN some circles—but obviously not the Outer Circle in Regent's Park—*Henry VIII.* is held to be one of Shakespeare's dullest plays. True, there is much that is mediocre in it, but it also has passages that raise it to the heights, and the company now playing in it get every ounce out of it. In fact, they know a good line when they meet it, and, what is more, see to it that the audience are given a chance to hear it. The mumbling undertones which all too often dull the ear of unresponsive man at indoor theatres are mercifully absent.

Gyles Isham as Buckingham may look too young to be "full of the weight of years," but he brings a suggestion of maturity to the part that belies his youthful presence; and Lyn Harding gives us a monarch whose mind is often as heavy as his figure, and not merely the bluff roysterer beloved of the film producers.

Baliol Holloway's Wolsey makes that crafty cleric rather too much of the cold-blooded ascetic, and in this respect he is badly served by his costume, which, in daylight, appears tawdry to an extent that the good Cardinal, who was certainly a lover of finery, would never have tolerated. Phyllis Neilson-Terry's Katharine is one of the high-lights of the production, and this is undoubtedly the best thing she has ever done.

IT certainly seems that the Open Air Theatre has found a large public by now. In fact, the only uncertain quantity about it is the weather; but Mr. Carroll believes in safety first, and there is an indoor theatre as well. But it is the outdoors production that you should see.



Buckingham (Gyles Isham) finds himself in the shadow of death

Sketches by Rouson

Lord Sands (centre: Valentine Rooke) looks forward to an evening's wenching with Anne (Vivien Leigh), but Henry (Lyn Harding) cuts him out

Cannons of Hollywood

Jessica Tandy—Anna of Whitehall

Jessica Tandy has been playing Anna in St. John Ervine's comedy *Anthony and Anna*, at the Whitehall Theatre, since last November, except for the few weeks in May when she was away having an operation. The play as near as a touch came off during its first weeks, but the management handed it over to the cast to do what they could with it, and now it seems to have settled like *The Wind and the Rain* did; it is fourth from the top of the list of currently long-running plays. Jessica Tandy was born in London, trained at the Ben Greet Academy of Acting, made her debut in 1928 in Birmingham, next year in London, and in 1930 in New York. In 1932 some genius cast her as Manuela in *Children in Uniform*, and her name was made overnight. Her acting as the gentle, tortured schoolgirl of that unforgettable play was perfect. Since then Titania at Regent's Park, and Ophelia to John Gielgud's Hamlet at the New Theatre have been among her parts. She has made one film, is married to Jack Hawkins, and rides in her spare time

Frk. Kari Colban

Mlle. Sylvia Régis de Oliveira

Ambassadors' Daughters

Four Attractive Attachées to the Diplomatic Corps

Mlle. Maria Celia Malbrán

Maria Malbrán is another South American "pendant" to the Corps Diplomatique. She is the daughter of the Argentine Ambassador and Mme. Malbrán. Dr. Manuel Malbrán is a lawyer, has been a delegate at various international conferences, as well as Argentine Ambassador in Mexico and Washington; this is his first post in a European Embassy—he has been here since 1931

Right: "de Masirevich Constance" is Mlle. de Masirevich's official style in Hungary, where they have no "Miss," and Christian names come second. Her father presented his credentials to the King as Hungarian Minister last March; before that he was in Berlin, as well as in Hungary's delegation to Geneva, 1930-32. Constance de Masirevich speaks five languages and is a fine swimmer

Mlle. Constance de Masirevich

Above, left: Kari Colban is the daughter of the Norwegian Minister in London. Her father has been attached to St. James's since 1934; he has also been at Paris and Luxembourg as Norwegian Minister, and was in his country's delegation to the Disarmament Conference at Geneva, 1930-32. Kari is short for Karen

Above, right: Sylvia Régis de Oliveira, daughter of the Brazilian Ambassador and Mme. Régis de Oliveira, is an integral part of the social side in London, just as her father is of the Corps Diplomatique. He has been here ten or eleven years; left, with his family, for the usual two months' holiday in Brazil last week

Photographs by Cannons of Hollywood

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

LIVING in a free country, where everyone has an equal right to be heard, save when the B.B.C. or financial or other interests forbid, you may be surprised to know there 's an Arab case in the Palestine business. It was stated the other day, very temperately, in the *Spectator* by J. M. N. Jeffries, most eminent of observers and special correspondents. He points out that the Arabs, firmly established in Palestine for centuries, have no political rights under our mandate — we 've abolished them—and he suggests it isn't quite decent for Great Britain to impose this new theory on the small Arab population with bombs and bayonets, and in despite of treaties.

If you didn't know about the existence of an Arab case—nor did we till recently—what d'you think the average M.P., your legislator, knows about it ? Eh ? We cornered one or two recently and asked them. They knew nothing to speak of about the Italian case, either, and when asked direct questions dodged the issue. To our laughing suggestion as a taxpayer that they get four hundred sweet smackers a year each for knowing something about such things they implied that only cads would annoy them with such stuff, and they may be right. They have lots of worries. We observe that certain restless fellows are determined to rub the Commons' nose before very long into the question of the recent Ulster riots, demanding a public enquiry and generally being a nuisance. Well may old Parliamentary hacks speak longingly of the sunny pre-war era, when only the damned Home Rulers created trouble for them and the Game was the Game. Celebrating which golden age one of our best living poets wrote this classic quatrain after what was then called an " historic " General Election :

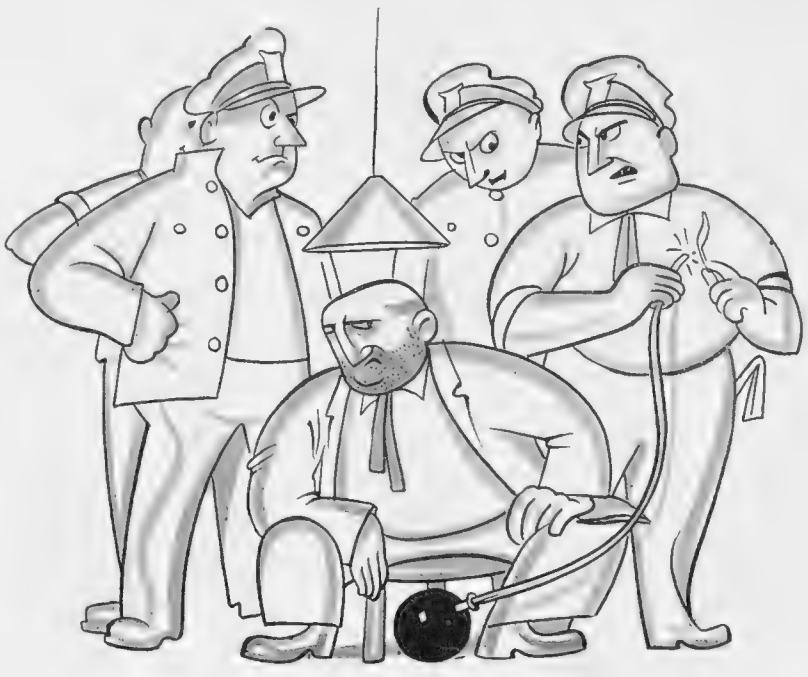
The accursèd power which stands on Privilege,
(And goes with Women, and Champagne, and Bridge)
Broke — and Democracy resumed her reign,
(Which goes with Bridge, and Women, and Champagne).

Those were the days. Write to your M.P. about it.

Just Fancy !

A GENUINELY macabre bit of modern English history is revived by Mr. George Dangerfield in a newly-published book on Liberalism. In 1911 Mr. Asquith tried to make the King create a rabble of 500 new peers for purely (is that the word ?) political purposes, to overwhelm the Upper House. Happily the defiant Lords caved in at the last moment, rendering this frightful step unnecessary. Among the names on Asquith's list, if you can believe it, was that of Thomas Hardy, who as Baron Mellstock of Dinge, helpless in the grip of blind implacable Fate, would yet have made a better peer than some.

The next best thing to a Hardy peerage was certainly Henry James's O.M., concerning which Max Beerbohm wrote such a delicious squib in James's own refined jargon. Perhaps Literature, like the Stage, would get more of a show in the peerage if it weren't for that awkward hereditary principle. Contrariwise, remember the Order of Minerva which George IV. once thought of founding for the literary boys. The preliminary shrieks and yells of jealousy and hate appalled him so much that he dropped it, very wisely.



" Boys, maybe this 'll make him talk "

Nuts in July

AMONG the less harmful kinds of lunacy now prevalent is the American game " handies," which Zoë Farmar has been trying to teach *Express* readers recently—an uphill task, because those old sobersides didn't quite get the idea that " handies " is a form of madness and must be played as such. For example, we hide our face in our hands a moment then coyly take our hands away, and what famous musician is it ? Chopin, of course. (" Show-pan," if you insist.) We snatch a flower and bury our nose in it, and what sporting event is commemorated ? Why, " Schmeling won." The Marx Brothers carry on long conversations involving finance or love in this language, and R. Benchley has been using it to order food in restaurants. The Clapham and Dwyer Alphabet (" A for 'orses, B for mutton, C-forth Highlanders," etc.) runs it close, and so does the Film Star Names imbecility, which involves a bit of good acting, and of which series Nancy Carroll is generally the favourite to begin with, being the easiest to act. Most of these games begin at parties in Beverley Hills at which Dorothy Parker is present —or at least at parties from which she is not far off—and the brains which think them up are not inconsiderable, the reason being that intelligent people play the fool better than others, they tell us. It therefore seems a pity that so many of the games at the end of the admirable *Week-end Book* should be just a trifle arch and self-conscious instead of being decently mad, " compétentement, proprement, et totalement fol," like the fool Triboulet.

Big Boy

THE obituaries of Maxim Gorky seemed to miss his chief contribution to the study of mankind. Gorky discovered that thieves, harlots, thugs, procurers, toughs and crooks generally all have hearts of gold, the obvious inference being that we who wear a collar and own anything whatsoever are malignant and snake-eyed beezles of a revolting kind. This discovery made the little

father very bitter and hairy and furious with everybody. Gorky lacked the philosophy of Tolstoy, who was just as hairy and was, in addition, pestered by admirers, including yogis. In the middle of a domestic fracas a yogi would call, having come all the way from Turkestan or somewhere to sit at the Master's feet, and would at once begin meditating in silence. "Hoi!" Tolstoy would say gently after a couple of hours of silence. "Dinner!" The yogi would continue to meditate. "There 's another yogi in the drawing-room," Tolstoy's wife would say bitterly to the servants. "Dust round the lemon-tinted thinker." At length the yogi would come out of his trance, still dazed. "Well?" Tolstoy would say, beaming and rubbing his hands. "Eh?" the yogi would say blankly. This brief conversation would generally ensue:

"I thought perhaps you had some message, or something."

"What?"

"You know—something esoteric."

"Eh?"

"Well, I mean, you 've been here meditating a week, and the servants are creating merry hell."

"What?"

"I mean to say, a trance is a trance, but dash it——"

"What?"

The yogi would then return to Turkestan and a spotty lady from Stockholm or a group of earnest thinkers from Boston, Mass., would take his place. "My God," Tolstoy's wife would say, "what 's this place—a dogs' home?" She ultimately left.

Them Birds

"We now," said the Secretary of the Haslemere Educational Museum, "await the future with interest"—referring to twenty-three young storks which arrived the other day by air from Germany. Fifteen of them have been taken down to a village in Kent and nested there. It 's an interesting experiment, except that the décor is all wrong. The English peasantry don't go with storks, which are birds requiring a certain fairy-tale background. They get this in the Balkans and in parts of Germany and their other natural haunts, where the peasants play up to them with costume and accessories, but they won't get it in Kent, where the inhabitants look as much like a Hans Andersen tale as we look like Grace Darling. It 's no use your quoting the heron. The heron, when he doesn't live in community—*e.g.*, at the great heronry at Parham under the South Downs—doesn't mingle in the least with the populace. We once saw one on the marshes of the Ouse, near Newhaven, being stared at by a native in a bowler hat, the picturesque headgear of that valley. The bird stared back for some time, then rose with an incredulous honk and flapped away towards Mount Caburn. This will probably be the attitude of the storks in Kent when they find themselves being stared at by retired majors, welfare-workers, Boy Scouts, readers of the *New Statesman*, tweedy ladies who provide Dainty Teas at "Wendy's Hidey-Hole," speculative builders, and even grimmer fauna of the countryside, devoid of stork-lore* and (to be quite frank) divorced entirely from faëry.

"Could I interest you in a neon halo?"

"You must only pick a few, darling"

Those birds at which the natives do not instinctively pop with guns—it is an old Kentish custom to kill anything out of the ordinary: recollect what happened to St. Thomas of Canterbury—will doubtless migrate for the winter. What stories under the blazing African stars! What stories!

Laurels

"Vir docte et facete," said the Public Orator of Oxford, addressing E. V. Lucas at the recent Encænia, "qui viri doctissimi et facetissimi epistulas collectas edidisti . . ."; a decent and becoming compliment to Edward Verrall Lucas, D.Litt., but surely a bit whimsy as regards Mr. Charles Lamb? We seem to remember an acidulated anti-Lamb diatribe by Somerset Maugham in favour of Hazlitt which filled a long-felt want, for

* Even the district nurse.

some of the Lamb idolaters do really overdo it, don't you think? Our private theory is that although Lamb was always reported to be "tearing the heart out of books" and boasted of shelves filled with "choice and massy divinity," he didn't understand a word of it, drunk or sober. His recorded cracks when in liquor aren't so hot, either—rather like the playfulness of a small-town spinster who 's had a couple of ports and lemon. But for Heaven's sake don't tell E. V. L., D.Litt., we 've ventured to say this behind his back, for him we love and esteem to an embarrassing degree.

Afterthought

WE wondered mildly how much of the Public Orator's oration was understood by Cardinal Serédi, Prince Primate of Hungary, D.C.L., since Latin as commonly and doggedly spoken by the Island Race differs notoriously from Latin spoken by the rest of the civilised world. ("Everybody 's out of step but our Willie," as the soldier's proud mother said.) We thought the Orator's description of Campion Hall as being "almost of a military simplicity" very just, and a compliment to the art of Lutyens. The new Jesuit house at Oxford in its austere distinction admirably recalls the soldier who founded the Order. As for the new Ritz Cinema in the town, Dr. Bailey described its beauties very chastely in Greek, which must still be pleasing Wardour Street no end.

Now Then, Trent

THE Mystery of the Early Victorian Hat presents a nice little problem to amateur detectives. It was found the other day between a ceiling and the roof of an old inn near Plymouth, and close to it was a skull. We made our own solution very quickly and we defy fifty cartloads of devils to upset it. Viz:

The skull and the hat belonged to an Early Victorian who, suddenly overwhelmed by the smug horror of his life, crawled up there and decided never to come down. Whiskered gentlemen criticised his conduct from below, shawled ladies grimly brought him tracts. A very glossy industrialist down whose mines wizened children were carried at dawn to work for a penny a day (fifteen hours) and a moral pocket-handkerchief at Christmas, denounced his conduct in the *Times* as un-English and un-Christian, fit only for the dark Middle Ages. Three bishops, eminent for their indignant protests against negro slavery in America, added their condemnation. The climax came with the opening of the Crystal Palace, four times as long as St. Paul's and nearly twice the width (1851). Begging for a knife with which to carve an ode to Paxton, the desperate Early Victorian, first removing his hat, cut his head off neatly and so perished.

You have now two natural questions:

1. Why remove his hat?
2. What became of the body?

He removed his hat with his final breath to a big, aquiline Miss Buxter all over steel jewellery and interested in collecting money from the poor for providing Africans with copies of *The Fairchild Family*. The body was stuffed and sold to a Mrs. Beetle, proprietress of a baby-farm, to frighten recalcitrant infants with, and after many vicissitudes was bought by the Curator of the Plato G. Boopus Museum of Alcibiades, Pa., as that of Charles I. Any more questions?

Tailpiece

(*a*) "Have you read Arduous Huxley's latest?" asked our favourite dowager the other night, perpetrating one of her most pleasing malaprops.

(*b*) Story going round:

Two languid ex-Staff chaps in a club, one a member, the other his guest. One wearing a Guards' tie, the other the tie of a crack Cavalry regiment. Both terribly tired. Conversation:

"Well, did *you* like the War?"
"Not terribly."
(*Pause.*)
"Quite."
(*Pause.*)
"The awful noise, and the smells——"
"Quite."
(*Pause.*)
"And the *fuss*—know what I mean?"
"Quite. Quite."
(*Long pause.*)
"And the *people* . . . !"

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"For the last time, get back to that stream!"

Films of the Day

Indictment of Lynching : By George Campbell

No matter what your tastes, or what else you miss, you simply must see *Fury*. Lynching is not everybody's idea of entertainment, and Norman Krasna, the gifted newspaper-man-turned-scenario-writer, has not attempted to romanticise it or veil its horror. On the contrary, *Fury* reveals mob-law for what it is—a dreadful compound of hysteria, sadism, and moronic impulse to assert the ego.

People unacquainted with the ways of dear old Dixie might think *Fury* a bit exaggerated. All the evidence goes to show that it errs, very wisely, on the side of understatement. Lynching is no longer as common as it was in 1892, when 252 men and women were done to death. (There have been 94 cases in which the victim was a woman.) But even now lynching is a commonplace of American life, accepted by millions as a normal and legitimate expression of public feeling. Rape and murder are the commonest causes, but there are instances of negroes being hanged or burned to death for alleged breach of contract, or taking an active interest in politics. Seventy years ago, the Ku Klux Klan was formed, with the object of keeping negroes from exercising their new right to vote in the land of the free. The Klansmen were so successful in murdering and terrorising negroes who had been silly enough to take the Constitution seriously, that they became over-ambitious, and used the same tactics against white rivals in politics, or even in the grocery or real estate business. This eventually made them unpopular, and the power of the Klan was broken. The good work is now being carried on in the spasmodic but whole-hearted way depicted in *Fury*.

In some respects, *Fury* does the lynchers more than justice. The mob's action is at least directed against a white man suspected of a singularly horrid crime—kidnapping—instead of being (as it generally is) a mere expression of the hatred of white man for black. What is more, the deed is unpremeditated, whereas, in real life, many outrages are carefully planned and even advertised, not to say commercialised. When Raymond Gunn was arrested in Maryville, Missouri, in 1931, the townspeople bragged for days of their intentions to save the State the expense of a trial. Maryville was invaded by a horde of reporters, news-reel men, and sightseers anxious not to miss the show of the season. The mob leaders even announced the time and place—"on Monday at eight o'clock at the Courthouse." The Sheriff, warned of all this, still refused the offer of soldiers, and allowed his prisoner to be snatched from him by three or four thousand howling men and women. The young negro was chained to the top of the school-house, it was set on fire, and within an hour, souvenir hunters were competing for bits of bones and other interesting relics found amongst the ashes. Lynching has at times been so well organised that "Lynching Specials" have been run by enterprising railway companies, and motor-coaches advertise select excursions to the scene. On one occasion, a train was stopped to give passengers a good view of somebody being lynched beside the line.

I have dwelt on this old American custom because it would be a pity if *Fury* were dismissed as just a bit of gruesome melodramatic hokum, like *Dracula* or *Frankenstein*. Its justification lies in its essential truth. The escape of the hero, and the device by which he revenges himself on the mob leaders—these, unhappily, have no exact parallel in fact. But the trial scene is more than justified, I think, by its effectiveness, and the mordant picture of herd-minded men, valiant enough with a crowd at their back, cracking badly under the strain of a situation that demands real courage.

Spencer Tracy, so good in *Twenty Thousand Years in Sing Sing* and *Whipsaw*, has the chance of his life in *Fury*, and he seizes it with both hands. He always acts well: here he is terrific. Sylvia Sidney is strong, too, as his girl friend, and there are memorable portraits of the Sheriff and mob leaders.

As for Fritz Lang's direction, it comes pretty close to being inspired. The German—a striking figure with his black hair, dead pallor, mask-like features, and monocle—has always been at his best in studies of violence and abnormal psychology like *M*; but sometimes he has allowed his work to be spoiled by a boyish obsession with the underworld and master-criminals. This time, Norman Krasna's fine script, and Louis B. Mayer's supervision, have kept him on the rails. I shall await his next Hollywood picture—for it goes without saying that he won't be allowed to leave—with some impatience.

There is good melodrama, of a less distinguished order, in *Ceiling Zero*, starring James Cagney. Hollywood nearly always makes air pictures skilfully, and this is no exception. There is nothing essentially new about the setting—a commercial airport—or the characters, the usual variety of American flyers, ranging from serious-minded Pat O'Brien, determined that The Mails Shall Go Through, to frivolous Jimmy Cagney, a brilliant airman with a sweetheart in every airport, and a disconcerting way of coming down in the middle of a flight, for no better reason than that he has seen an attractive wench bathing in a pool. In the end, his irresponsibility leads to tragedy, but not before exciting things have happened and a lot of fun has been had by one and all.

"One Rainy Afternoon"

Here's a Hollywood comedy with music which has a Paris setting, an Austrian hero, Francis Lederer, and an English heroine, Ida Lupino. Rowland V. Lee directed it, and it was due to start its run at the London Pavilion on Monday

"Ceiling Zero"

James Cagney's latest was at the Regal last week—a typical air-thrill melodrama, with Cagney and Pat O'Brien as "buddies," a pretty girl or two, and Howard Hawks directing

Ginger Rogers — New Hat and New Film

For the reassurement of their fans, here is news that Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire have just finished making a new film together, called, contradictorally, *I Won't Dance*. Odds are on that it will follow the well-known recipe of song and dance and comedy and more or less of a story. The music is Jerome Kern's, the director is George Stephen, and the players include Georges Metaxa—nice to hear him sing again—Eric Blore, that funny, solemn goat, Victor Moore, a musical comedy star that America likes very well, and Helen Brodrick, who was in *Top Hat*. As to the matter of Ginger Rogers' hat or bonnet, somebody called Lily Dache designed it and must have been looking at an Old Master before she started. But Miss Rogers seems liable to choose and get away with hats that other people couldn't take

As the Snow Maiden in "Midnight Sun"

Soleil de Nuit, the first ballet Massine composed for Diaghileff in 1915, based on the ritual dances to the Sun God of primitive Russia, to Rimsky-Korsakov music, is a glowing, vivid thing, and is proving a highly successful revival. Danilova dances her solo like a ballerina on holiday, happy in the gaiety and colour of a peasant festival. She is dancing superbly this season, whether in the pure classicism of *Lac des Cygnes* or in the comedy of *Boutique Fantasque*, *Femmes de Bonne Humeur*, and *Beau Danube*. And, above all, in *L'Oiseau de Feu* she gives an unforgettably lovely performance; her Firebird has an aloof beauty and nobility that brings its own enchantment to this most perfect of balletic fairy tales

Alexandra Danilova

The de Basil Ballerina in Massine's First Ballet

Photographs by Anthony

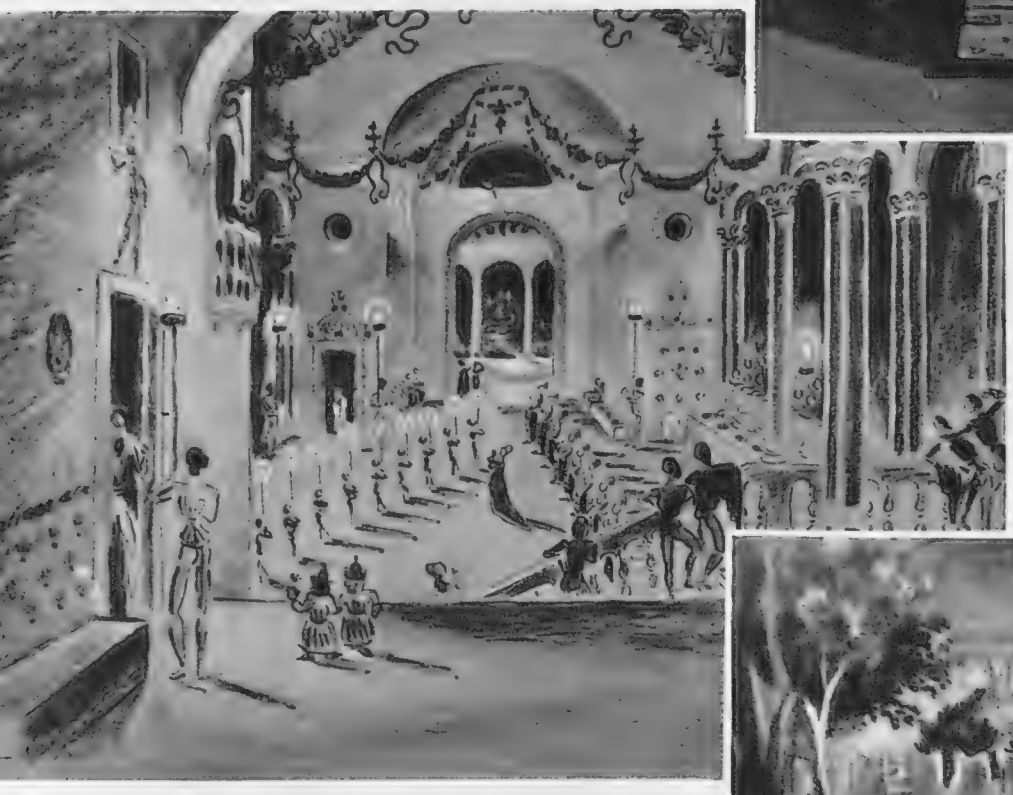
The Italian garden designed as frame for Juliet's first appearance

Oliver Messel

And Some of His Designs for the Hollywood *Romeo and Juliet*

Oliver Messel at Work

Romeo and Juliet is not the first work this brilliant young man has done for the screen; he was responsible for the décor and sets for two Korda films—*The Scarlet Pimpernel* and *The Private Life of Don Juan*. He has worked for the theatre since 1926, when he created those much-talked-of masks and some of the scenery for the Cochran revue of that year (*Dance Little Lady* dates it). Four other Cochran revues, *Helen*, *The Miracle* and *Glamorous Night* gave him commissions as designer, and he has written a book on stage design and costume. When he is in England, he lives in Yeoman's Row, an artists' quarter in miniature off the Brompton Road



Capulet's Ball, where Romeo and Juliet Meet

Below: *the Balcony Scene*

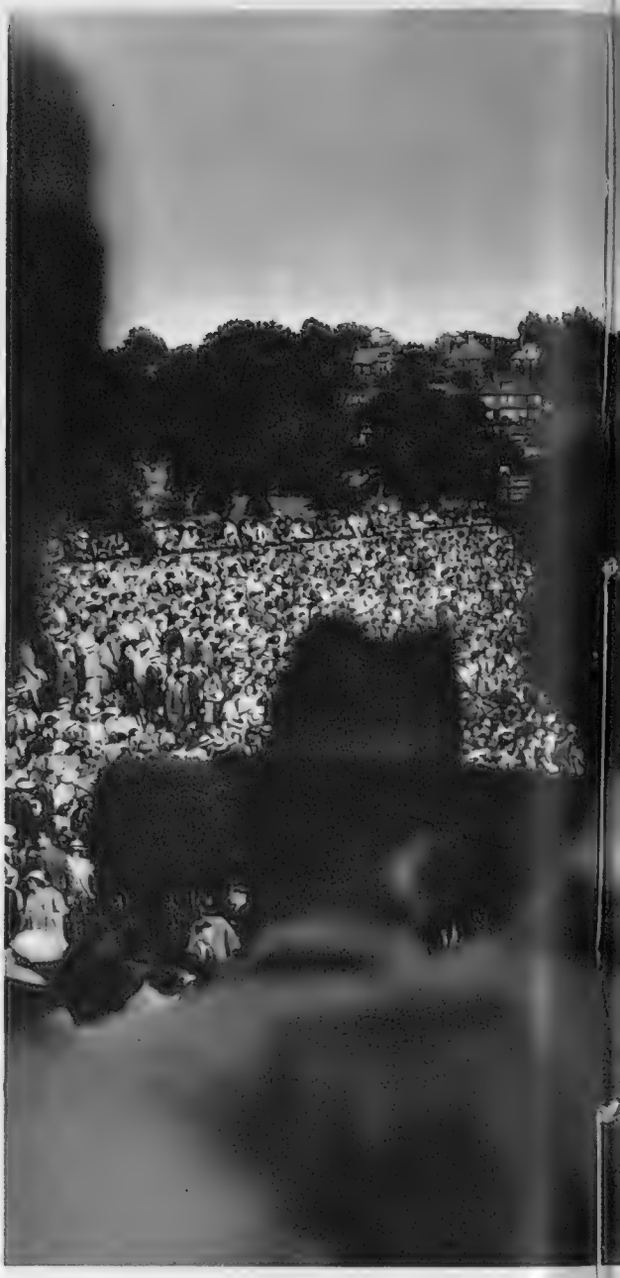
Oliver Messel came back from America a month ago, having finished his job for M.-G.-M.—designing the settings and dresses for their production of *Romeo and Juliet*, in which Leslie Howard and Norma Shearer are the stars. Now he is giving an exhibition of his Hollywood work, including his drawings and some of the actual dresses worn in the production and models of the sets. The exhibition is at the Leicester Galleries, and will be open for a fortnight from last Saturday

The Tea Queue, Champions or No Champions

Tennis Fan Fare

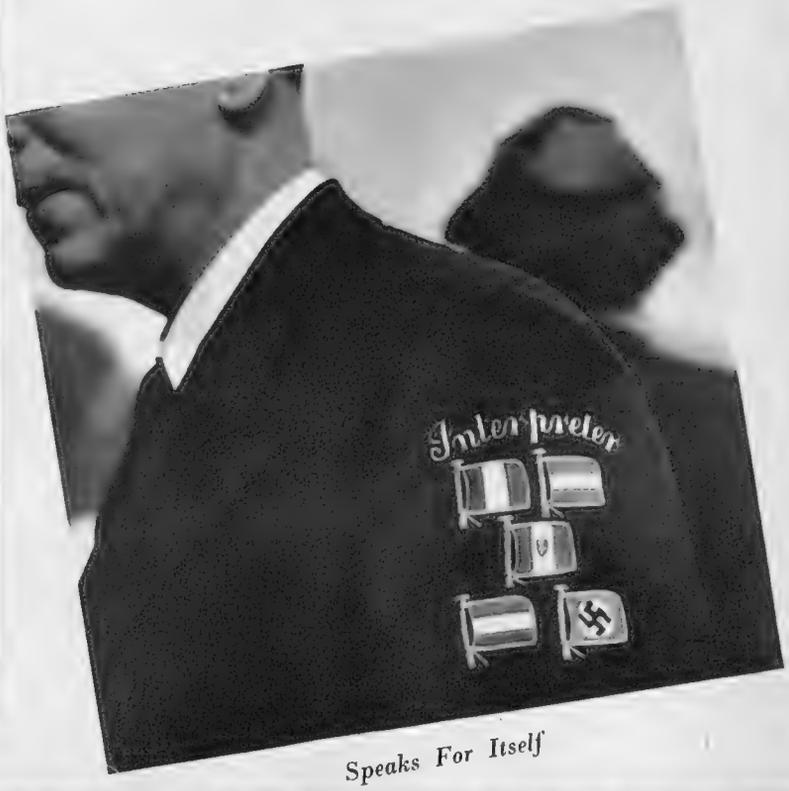
A Non-Playing Commentary On the Wimbledon Pilgrimage

Photographs by Norman Parkinson

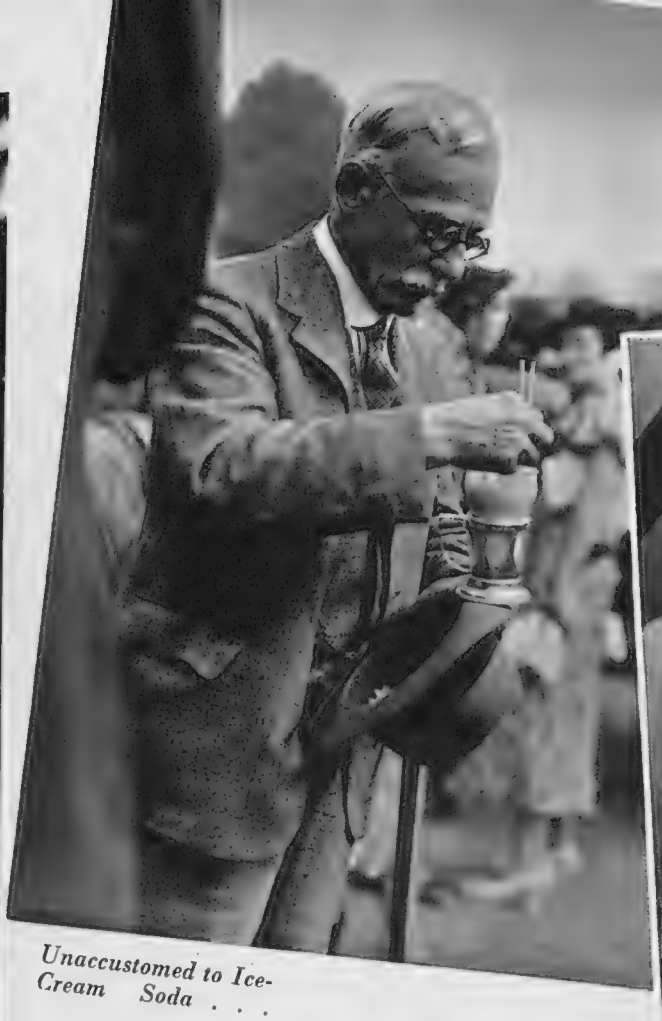


Crowd Through Crowd

The Serious Business of Spectatorship



Speaks For Itself



Unaccustomed to Ice-Cream Soda . . .

Right: Close-Up of Lyons' New Waiters

Tenderfoot (Rex Harrison) to Girl Flyer (Coral Brown):
"I haven't much of a nose, but I seem to smell something distinctly dirty in that remark"

Lady Pakenham (Carol Goodner):
"No, thanks, caviar tastes just like cod-liver oil to me"

"Heroes Don't Care"

Polar Polemics at the St. Martin's

Photographs by John Everard

Exploring Husband (Felix Aylmer) to His Wife:
"There are times when a man wants to forget his job"

Lady Pakenham and the Girl Flyer:
"Husbands are ridiculous, anyway"

Lady Pakenham and the Tenderfoot:
"What's that?"—"Shakespeare in Norwegian"

Arctic Comfort:
"Aquavit's pretty strong, thank God!"

Girl Flyer's Victim (Frederick Piper):
"I ought to be getting to bed, really"
"Let's share this first"

"THE action of the play takes place during a night in May at the Grand Hotel, Bergvaag, Norway," says the programme of *Heroes Don't Care*, Margot Neville's comedy at the St. Martin's Theatre. This shows that two of the unities are adhered to, and as for plot, there is just enough to hold the humour which makes this piece, "fully inflated, bounce to the joy of all beholders" (the metaphor is *The Times*'). Felix Aylmer plays the intrepid knight whose Arctic excursions have become habit, and as a caricature of a professional hero—quoting "Auntie" once more—it is the "best of its kind that he has ever done." Coral Brown is a girl flyer and Carol Goodner is Lady Pakenham, the explorer's wife with an eye on the tenderfoot Rex Harrison, a youth whose cheerful and not always ingenuous ingenuity contrasts well with his pompous leader

Norman Parkinson

"Serpent d'Eau"—Boudheya Dances

Boudheya has given one London dance recital, and is giving another (at the Arts Theatre) on July 10th. She is only twenty-two but has already lived in Egypt, where she was born, Cyprus, Smyrna, where as a child she barely escaped with her life from the great fire and massacre, Malta, Algeria, France, and Spain. Some of these countries have given her inspiration for her dances, all of which she composes herself, designing her own dresses and scenery to match. This particular "Serpent d'Eau" dance is based on under-water swimming movements

"Bystander" Short Story No. 45

Point of Honour : By B. L. Jacot

In the tiny cabin tucked away behind the giant fuel tanks in the nacelle, Kane fought desperately to keep himself awake. It takes energy to fight sleep, and every minute increasing nerve-strain and lack of rest gave him less energy to fight with. The instrument-panel before him was blurred, his sense of touch was going. He knew that soon he must be asleep. He knew, too, that it was worse with Irvine—the figure slumped beside him at the controls of the Heston-Spurrier Mark IX.

Three days now since they had left New York on this race across the world—three hops, Pernambuco, Brazil; Tamatave, Madagascar; and Geraldton, Western Australia. Well, Geraldton was behind now and Sydney and a bed two hours ahead. With five hours in hand to reach Sydney, success was in sight. But they had to keep awake, both of them.

Under a thin moon great strips of Australia were unreeling below as they tore east at a ground speed of over 300 m.p.h. The Flinders Mountains lay ahead, to the north and at the back now lay Lake Torrens. Kane tried to concentrate on his route to keep his mind active. Irvine should be winning height now to climb through the gap in the range over Hawker . . .

Bending stiffly forward, he peered at the instruments, shot a quick look out into the thin cloud-layers ahead, then dived an arm across at the pilot beside him. "Irvine, you fool!" he shouted. "Wake up!"

The heavily-built blond figure straightened from where it had fallen over the controls. The keen grey eyes were glazed from lack of sleep. "Sorry . . . ole man . . ." Irvine mumbled. "Mus' pull her up for the hills."

Twisting in his seat, Kane began systematically slapping his shoulders. Kane himself had snatched a few hours' sleep here and there since leaving Newark Field in a blaze of publicity three days before, but this lumbering, easy-going, good-natured pilot had taken exactly four hours' sleep—at Tamatave during refuelling.

"That man," the port medico at Geraldton had warned Kane, "can't last. He 's three parts gone from lack of rest. You can't go on. It 's suicide."

Irvine had said something terse to that. He wasn't quitting on the last leg. Kane had been at school with this man. If you asked him, he would have told you the simple truth. Irvine was the straightest, whitest man he knew. You couldn't imagine Irvine doing anything underhand. His face was open as a book and he always had that slow smile of his for everything. There was a fine die-in-the-last-ditch courage about him. Kane, the navigator, had a great admiration for his pilot . . .

"Two hours to go, buddy," he said. "For God's sake, keep going!"

"Go easy on the old collar-bone, boy," Irvine managed sleepily. "I 'm all ri'. We 're practically there now." His frame sagged under a long-drawn yawn.

"Irvine, you fool!" he shouted. "Wake up!"

"Oh, what am I goi-ter-do to bed in Sydney . . ."

"Take another drink of brandy?"

"I 'm nearly tight now. I——" He slumped over the wheel again, and Kane jerked him back. "All right! All right!" he protested irritably, as the other thumped him vigorously. "Leave me alone, can't you?"

The burst of irritation had roused him. Kane left him for the moment, more fully awake himself. They were climbing steadily. The gap in the range showed clear-cut before them against the purple sky. The drone of the four supercharged engines came back sweetly. If only they could keep awake!

Planning the trip back in New York, they had anticipated this difficulty. Over the Indian Ocean they had filled themselves with coffee. There had been the tablets, the electrically-heated over-boots. Kane's feet were practically fried now: but that irritant no longer had effect. It seemed to him as he watched the grey rock of the mountains slip back under them that there was no remedy left against the mental numbness except sheer will power to keep going.

The town of Hawker was expecting them. Beacon lights showed as they cut through the range. A straight run now across the Australian plains, picking up the railway at Broken Hill to take them direct to Sydney. New York to Sydney in three days!

A drunken lurch by the machine brought Kane to with a jerk. They were side-slipping, and Irvine, unheeding, sprawled forward over his controls. A sudden nervous rage seized Kane. He hit the figure sharply with his elbow, and seizing the muffler, shook him violently. Even so, it took time for the pilot to realise where he was. "Wake up! Wake up!" he heard himself screaming.

"I 'm dead. I 'm all in," Irvine mumbled, as he righted the machine. "Lemme sleep——"

"I 'll knock hell out of you!" Kane threatened. "You louse!"

Irvine turned his head to glare at his navigator. "Touch me again, and you 'll regret it. Who 's flying this machine?"

"You 're having a good time sleeping all over the controls."

"I 've had enough lip from you, Kane. Keep your mouth shut from now on." An angry flush had come to stain his weathered cheeks. In all the years they had known each other, Kane could not recall a row with this man. Irvine was a close friend of Kane's mother, who was never more pleased than when Kane brought him to stay with them at their Berkshire home. Kane's young sister, Claribel, was inclined to be romantic about him—Kane realised that as they were planning this trip. An unreasoning rage swept him now that they should be fighting when they each of them wanted everything they had got to win through.

"Who are you to tell me to keep my mouth shut?" he shouted back. "You haven't got the guts to keep yourself awake! You—a pilot! Don't make me

(Concluded on page 72)

Point of Honour *(Continued from page 71)*

laugh!" For a moment Irvine's great hands worked, bunching themselves. "When I've landed this crate," he said, "I'm going to step up to you and sock you. Maybe I'll catch something from hitting you, but I don't care."

"You should have a chance of hitting me before worrying about that. You talk pretty big, don't you, Irvine? If I couldn't lick a big, flat-footed softie like you, I'd——"

The back of Irvine's neck was turkey-red. "You! A cock-eyed little devil, with . . ." He trailed off. "Oh, let's forget it," he yawned, and, hunching his shoulders over the wheel, stared ahead at his instruments.

Kane, seething still, became conscious that he had forgotten about sleep. He was vividly awake. It was then that the idea came to him. The flare-up between them had carried them many miles nearer their goal. Insults had roused Irvine, where coffee, tablets, and everything else had failed.

"That's it! 'Let's forget it'!" he began anew. "What I would have expected from you."

The man at the wheel shook his head wearily. "What d'you mean?"

"You never could finish anything you started."

"No? What have I started that you know I've not finished?"

For half an hour Irvine carried it on, fighting every inch of the ground Kane raked up from the past. Twice the pilot went to sleep, and twice Kane slapped him back to consciousness. As they drew nearer to Sydney, even insults began to lose their barb. Kane searched his mind for things to hurt him.

The third time Irvine fell forward over the controls Kane grew desperate.

"You better keep awake, Irvine, for the next few minutes!" he warned. "I've got something to tell you before we reach Sydney—if we do."

"I don't want to hear anything from you, Kane. Now, or ever."

"You'll listen to this," Kane insisted quietly, "if I have to break your jaw."

"You? That's good!"

"I've known a good many years now, Irvine, the sort of low hound you were with women. But I didn't bring this particular business up before as I didn't want to wash this trip up."

He saw it take effect on the pilot. With these big men, shy with women, and carrying into manhood chivalrous, schoolboy ideals, he knew that there was one sure way to get under their skin. With Bill Irvine, though, it was a shame to do it.

"If your private life's just about as rotten as it can be," Kane insisted, "that's your own affair, although it's the sort of thing that makes most men sick."

"I'm going to knock your foul little head off!"

"Not until I've had this out with you." The navigator figured that twenty minutes would see them at Sydney. "Up to a month ago I didn't care what you did. But when a man can't draw the line at decent womenfolk, even when he's stopping as your guest in your mother's house, the time's come——"

"The strain's turned you potty. What are you insinuating?"

"The strain has turned me nothing. You can't dodge this with me. You can lie yourself out of most things with women, no doubt. But not with me. This trip's practically over, and I'm coming out into the open. You were talking about a fight, Irvine, when we landed. All right."

The terrible strain of the flight showed in his face as he fixed the man who had flown half across the world with him, boxed up in the tiny cabin. "All right, what?"

"A fight it is. And I'm going to kill you for the way you treated my sister. That's all, Irvine."

The pilot's face was a mask. It had lost all colour, and his jaw was set as he stared ahead along the sweep of the nacelle into the velvet night. He was wide awake now, anyway, Kane told himself. They would be picking up the beacons at Sydney any time now.

SYDNEY AIRPORT was alive with cheering crowds as Irvine brought his ship in. The early-morning half-light, added to the superhuman strain of the flight, made everything seem dreamlike to Kane. Eager arms supported them as they lurched out of the machine. Someone gave them a drink of champagne.

The flashes of the camera-men showed Irvine grim and unsmiling. He said his words into the microphone, and after that, it seemed, Kane went to sleep on his feet. He woke up in a large bedroom somewhere. Not many minutes had passed, he knew. On the far side of the room Irvine was writing at a table.

Kane's first thought was for this fight that was billed to take place. Irvine had not addressed a word to him since he had brought his sister's name into the business. Bringing Claribel into it, Kane knew, would be an unpardonable offence with a man like Irvine. Explaining was going to be awkward. It was going to be difficult. But it had to be done.

At any moment Irvine, with his strait-laced ideas, might start to give him the beating-up a man like Irvine would think he richly deserved. Kane moistened his lips.

"About what I said to you, Irvine," he began. "You'll have to understand——"

"All right!" The big man on the other side of the room stopped him. He was avoiding the other's eyes. "You were quite right in what you said. Better read this cable I'm sending."

Kane took the slip of paper, switching his puzzled gaze to Irvine's sprawling handwriting. The cable was addressed to his sister at home. "We'll get married as soon as I get back," it read.

THE END

Two Portraits by Porter Woodruff—American Artist

Miss Peggy Gordon-Moore

Porter Woodruff plans to have an exhibition of his drawings and paintings in London in October. Before that he is going to Africa to gather some further material for it. Miss Peggy Gordon-Moore, on the left, is the daughter of Dr. Gordon-Moore, Princess Beatrice's physician. On the right is Lady Ratendone, the Marquess of Willingdon's daughter-in-law. Both portraits are in red and black chalk

Viscountess Ratendone

Debutantes' Gallery

Six More from This Year's List

Lenare

Miss Jane Morse

Is the eighteen-year-old daughter of Captain Anthony Morse, R.N., and Mrs. Morse. Her father is at present with the Chinese Government. Her mother was Mary Leeds, and is a great-granddaughter of Sir George Leeds, first Baronet

Pearl Freeman

Miss Roly Ruck Keene

Roly Ruck Keene had her dance with Agatha O'Loughlin at Claridge's last month. She is the daughter of the late Admiral W. G. E. Ruck Keene, M.V.O., and Mrs. Ruck Keene, of Heatfield House, Bletchington, Oxon.

Miss Olivia Harvey

Douglas

Is the daughter of Major Sir Samuel and Lady Harvey. Her father, who was knighted last year, lives at Totnes, and was its M.P. until last October. Lady Harvey was Elizabeth Lockett

Kay Vaughan

Miss Yvonne Davidson

Is Mr. and the late Mrs. Robert Davidson's daughter; they live at 24, Ovington Gardens, S.W.3. She is Lady Baden-Powell's niece, and works hard on charity-ball committees

Lenare

Miss Rosemary Wills

Had a dance with Nora Forman on July 3rd, at Sherfield Court, near Basingstoke, where Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Wills, her parents, live. Her sister, Mrs. Hugh Ley, was married in February

Fayer of Vienna

Miss Lucy Harington

Is the only daughter of Brigadier-General John and Lady Aline Harington. Her mother is Earl Temple's sister; her father is a son of the late Sir Richard Harington, the eleventh Baronet

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

Cannibals and Cads : By Alan Thomas

MR. RICHARD WYNDHAM'S book, *The Gentle Savage* (Cassell ; 12*s.* 6*d.*), is a record of a journey he took through the Bahr-el-Ghazal province in the Southern Sudan. He went chiefly because he wanted to paint "the black Adonises" of the Dinka tribe about whom his friend, Sacheverell Sitwell, had written. They did not disappoint him. This is how he describes the Nuers, who closely resemble the Dinkas : "Apart from essentials, the Nuer men and women are exactly alike. The men have the slender, softly-moulded bodies of girls ; the women the straight, narrow hips of youths. The men, although well over six feet, are not developed to that Sandow-Muller standard which we connect with the professional strong man, and it is only when they move, and every muscle comes into play, that you are conscious of a strength that is sheer beauty as compared with sheer force." These savages lead a life that is archaic. They have no religion unless it is the worship of their cows ; but Mr. Wyndham has no sympathy for those who want to teach them other gods. He considers mission work "an abomination, destined to change a contented and noble animal into a dissatisfied, half-educated, dirtily-clothed, class-conscious human being." But all Mr. Wyndham's portraits are not black. Among the Englishmen that he met perhaps the most vivid study he gives us is of one Jameson, who was a D.S.O., had won the Cresta Run twice, and had married a native girl.

I hope I have quoted enough to show that Mr. Wyndham's point of view is not always the conventional one. Whatever he is writing about, whether it is elephant-hunting, tribal dances, or Empire-builders, he exhibits the same frankness and absence of any sort of humbug. He is so unorthodox—or broad-minded, if you like—as to sympathise with the friendly cannibals he met who now suffer from terrible ulcers as a direct result of our restrictions depriving them of the only meat they can get. Mr. Wyndham has a most entertaining style, and his book, which is strewn with quirks and jests, throws a good deal of light on darkest Africa.

MISS PRISCILLA JOHNSTON has called her new novel *Burnt Mallow* (Duckworth ; 7*s.* 6*d.*), after the name of a village. She might equally well have called it "Portrait of a Handsome Cad," after the only man of any importance in the book. I hope she will consider it a compliment to her ability as a writer when I say that as I read about Randal Archer my foot itched to kick him. But his charms, of course, were not likely to make much appeal to the male. To the female they were irresistible and more than sufficient to outweigh his congenital shiftlessness and treachery. As his disillusioned wife says, he is the kind of man "to let you down when you need him most." Miss Johnston's clever characterisation of Archer has only one false note. Describing his frenzy at a set-back in an amour, she writes : "He tore up a tuft of grass with his teeth, jerking back his head with the movement of a horse snatching at a tough mouthful." I don't believe it. Archer, who was an actor, would have been more careful of his teeth.

Evelyn Waugh—Prizewinner

This year's Hawthornden Prize went to Evelyn Waugh for his life of Edmund Campion, the book whose profits he devoted to the new Campion Hall at Oxford, a college founded in the Jesuit priest's memory. The prize-winning book is Evelyn Waugh's second venture into biography—the other was a life of Rossetti

The story of this pocket Don Juan is told by his wife, Jocelyn, who, when she meets him, is looking after her cousin Evelyn's children. (Evelyn was the cause of the grass-chewing.) Jocelyn possesses all the virtues that Archer lacks : her chief defect is that she can forgive him anything—even his spending a week-end with Evelyn during his engagement to Jocelyn. After a few months of marriage Archer goes to America and Jocelyn stays behind to nurse one of Evelyn's children at Burnt Mallow. Miss Johnston is good at writing about cads, but she is better still when she is writing about children and the country and holidays by the sea. She seems able to distil on paper the essence of youth, both in childhood and adolescence. There is plenty of dry humour in the book and occasionally a faint flavour of a stringency that is very refreshing.

ALBERT THOMAS, the first Director of the International Labour Office, was one of the great figures of the post-war period, one of the real architects of peace. He stood, as Mr. Humbert Wolfe relates, for "the everlasting movement of life—saying 'Yes, oh, yes,'" as against "the eternal stagnation of death or war, muttering as it crashes the axe, 'No, no, no.'" Just how and why Albert Thomas said "Yes" is recounted in Mr. E. J. Phelan's book, *Yes and Albert Thomas* (The Cresset Press ; 10*s.* 6*d.*). I know that the words "International Labour Organisation" frighten some people : but I hope no one will be frightened into thinking that Mr. Phelan's book is a dry record of statistical data. It is nothing of the sort. It is, in fact, a story of high adventure, the tale of how one man, by his courage, energy, vision, and, most of all, perhaps, by the love he had for the common people, forged an instrument which to-day serves one of the world's great causes—the cause of peace through social justice. Albert Thomas was never fully appreciated in this country—neither the man nor his work. Mr. Phelan has written of both, and his book is one which no student of our times should miss. It is also a notable addition to literary portraiture.

IN *Fire Over England* (Hodder and Stoughton ; 7*s.* 6*d.*) that incomparable story-teller, Mr. A. E. W. Mason, gives us a full-blooded tale of adventure and romance, of intrigue and counter-plot, set in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The times were grave. 1588 had long been prophesied as the year of great trial and disaster. "Shall Spain foul this land ? Her soldiers trample its gardens ? Put to fire its honest, friendly people ? Fire over England ?" No wonder Sir Francis Walsingham, the Queen's Principal Secretary, badly wanted news from Spain. And whom better could he send than young Robin, son of his old friend, George Aubrey, who, years before, had been arrested in Spain and put to the rack for carrying in his luggage a copy of the *Precepts of Cato* translated by Erasmus ? And if this involved a change in Robin's plans, a secret departure to Lisbon in Count Figliazzi's train, a year or more of service as valet to the Marquis of Santa Cruz, greatest commander of the fleets of Spain, a perilous mission performed under the very eyes of the Holy Inquisition—was not the sacrifice worth-while for the sake of England, home and beauty ? It is a glamorous story, told by a master of his art.

Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

Lenare

The frocks at Ascot showed that women are no longer rigidly bound by the dictates of Fashion, but wear just what suits them best. Owing to the uncertain weather, many people appeared in tailored suits, though numerous toe-length picture frocks were also seen. Two charming models suitable for the Afternoon Receptions at Buckingham Palace and other smart functions, are pictured above. The seated figure is wearing smoke-grey crêpe ninon, cut on slender lines, with Vandyk tucking and rippling frills at the neck. This frock is also made in black, and costs 69s. 6d. It may be seen at Gorringe, together with the model on the right, a study in black and white printed crêpe, veiled with black net. The flowing sleeves are very graceful, and the price is only 6 guineas

Lenare

Perfumes for the South

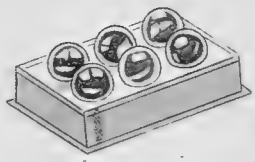
Holidays are in the air, and many people are off to the South of France, where a sparkling sea and brilliant sunshine lend enchantment. The journey there is simplicity itself, as it takes roughly seven hours by air. Light luggage and cool clothes are, of course, essential, but most important of all are those finishing touches which Coty (2, New Bond Street) have created. Perfumes mean so much to a woman, as they impart a haunting fragrance which is ever associated with her personality. A bottle of Coty's Eau de Cologne is a great stand-by when travelling, as it is so refreshing and will often dispel a headache or sense of "vertige." For summer evenings at the Casino, there is "L'Aimant," a light, sophisticated fragrance which stimulates the senses and promotes gaiety. It is also recommended for use when landing, as its invigorating qualities banish any feeling of drowsiness or temporary deafness (caused by the humming of the engines). The exotic temperament, however, may prefer "L'Origan," which is essentially luxurious and compelling. Then, for sun-bathing and lazing beneath the palm-trees, there is Coty's "Le Jasmin de Corse," whose scent is fresh and elusive

The BYSTANDER TWINS in search of NOVELTIES

Pictured by Pam

Discovered by Peta

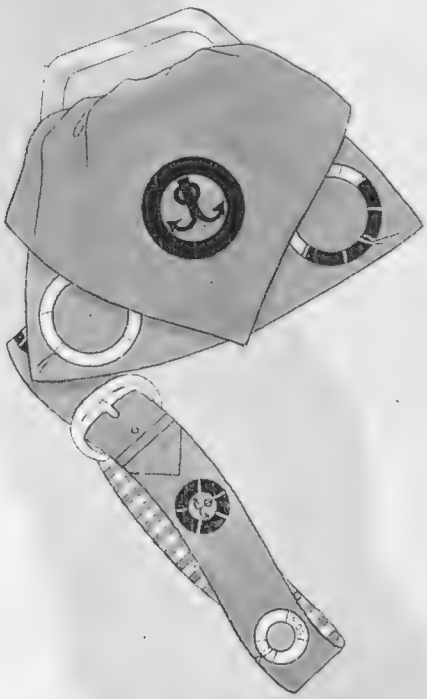
This extra-long shoe-horn will not easily get lost, and saves the trouble of stooping. It is made of coloured bakelite, with a silver metal heel, and costs 12s. 6d. at Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge



"Silverice" balls, which chill without diluting, are news. They freeze when placed in a refrigerator, and last indefinitely, as they are hermetically sealed with water inside. Served like ice cubes, they are perfect with cool drinks, and cost 18s. 6d. the set of six, at Harvey Nichols

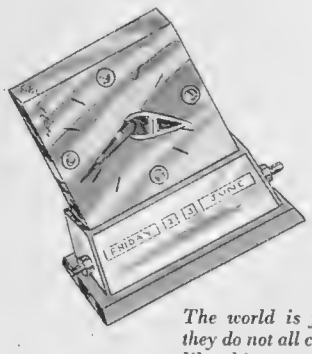
A captive lipstick which can be interchanged with other colours, is the important feature of this silver-plated vanity-case designed by Yardley. It contains loose powder, a swansdown puff, and a fair-size mirror. The price is 10s. 6d., and it may be seen at 33, Old Bond Street

Below is a red linen beach-bag, lined with check gingham and waterproof. It is enlivened by nautical signs in blue-and-white felt, and costs 17s. 9d. at Finnigan's. There is a belt to match, with a wood buckle



Animal ashtrays are a change from the ordinary, and may be seen on the ground floor at Harvey Nichols. This one is chromium plated with a wooden fish, while there are others with figures of rabbits

Nautical scarves are smart for cruising, and Finnigan's, 17, New Bond Street, have them knitted in bright-coloured wools, with an S.O.S. motif; also the red-and-blue patent-leather eye-shade sketched, with a square peak, for 5s. 6d. It is reversible, and can be worn at any angle



The world is full of clocks, but they do not all combine a calendar, like this one, which is made of polished wood with chromium figures. It only costs 55s., and comes from Harvey Nichols. A handle at either side regulates the calendar

Golf Clubs at Home

Folkestone Golf Club

THE Folkestone Golf Club is at present taking entries for its Channel Challenge Cup and Open Foursomes. The Channel Cup, and replica, is for the winner of 72 holes medal play, held on Saturday and Sunday, the 19th and 20th of September. The qualifying rounds are on the previous Wednesday and Thursday. The Open Foursomes are mixed or otherwise, with 36 holes medal play, played on Friday, September 18th. The prizes for the Foursomes are presented by Mr. A. E. Cressall, captain of the Club (No. 1 picture, left). Entries close on September 1st

(1) Capt. H. A. Cramer Roberts (secretary) and A. E. Cressall (captain) (2) Col. Crauford Stuart and Col. H. Harington (ex-captain and council member). (3) H. L. Keeble, G. F. McGrath, E. A. Baker (council member) and C. A. Wilde. (4) E. R. Inge and E. H. Castle (council members). (5) H. W. Smithers, A. E. Norris and H. V. Rogers. (6) L. Noble, D. M. Loudon and Dr. A. Grant (council member). (7) A. Pain and C. Parmée. (8) A. Whiting (professional) and A. S. Jones

Genuine gin. Pure: containing only those ingredients which are commended in medical circles for the benefit they give to health . . . that's GORDON'S. You can *see* how pure it is, such absolute clarity tells its own story.

If you look about, in clubs, in restaurants and your friends' homes, you'll often see the familiar GORDON'S bottle. And you'll notice that it is in these places that cocktails have an extra zest and sparkle, that long drinks are more than usually refreshing. It's just a question of using GORDON'S—the *genuine* gin.

The Social Out-of-Doors

Cricket and Coaching and Hendon

Left: Mr. and Mrs. James Stewart went down to watch his old school play cricket against Eton. He is a son of Mr. W. D. Stewart, of Achara, Argyll; his wife was Barbara Daniell

Below: Mr. and Mrs. Richard Heriot Maitland were another couple of young-marrieds at Winchester. She was Patty Bevis before she married Brig.-Gen. Heriot Maitland's son a year ago

Young-Marrieds

Eton v. Winchester

Below: front-row spectators of the Eton-Winchester draw were Miss Mary Fisher, Lady Violet Bonham-Carter and Mr. Stanley Baker, the Warden of Winchester

Coachman and Guest

Capt. Bertram Mills brought out his coach and show team of blacks for the Coaching Club's second meet, and had Dame Laura Knight as his guest of honour on the box with him. The meet was in Hyde Park and celebrated the Club's sixty-fifth anniversary

Air Pageant Audience

Ex-King Alfonso of Spain and Lady Margaret Drummond-Hay were two of the thousands of spectators at Hendon for the R.A.F. Display

The Tokyo Imperial University Eight

The light Japanese crew (10 st. 7 lb. average) in their specially-built shell, only 52 ft. over all, designed by Dr. Inokuchi, the Tokyo professor of naval architecture: Y. Suzuki (bow), T. Hori, H. Nakagawa, O. Kitamura, I. Mita, S. Sekikawa, M. Kashiwabara, T. Negishi (str.), and T. Shimojima, 7 st. 8 lb. (cox). Rather unexpectedly, they were beaten in the semi-finals by the Züricher Ruderklub eight, by six lengths; Zurich met Leander in the final

Water-Ski-ing—Monte Carlo's Latest

Captain D'Arcy Rutherford, seen water-ski-ing with Lord Warwick in the picture, is the pioneer in this new and fast sport: the season has just opened at Monte, and on August 14th the "Flying Kilometre" water-ski race is run off, when speeds of over fifty miles an hour are expected. Captain Rutherford is the holder

Summer Sport

Edited by Howard Marshall

IT alarms me to find that already we are into July—"how swift the summer goes, forget-me-not, pink, rose," as the Poet Laureate has observed. And Wimbledon is over, a Test match gone, the river at Henley is left to peaceful fishermen, and at this moment the rifles are cracking at Bisley. Only the other day, it seems, we were contemplating the opening of the cricket season. Now I am on the verge of packing my bags for the Olympic Games in Berlin.

INTEREST in athletics, indeed, sharpens briskly. On Friday we have the A.A.A. Championships at the White City, championships which will go far towards deciding our representation in the Games. The authorities have had some 450 entries—there are competitors from New Zealand, India, America, Australia, and Europe—all our champions will appear except A. Norris, the marathon title-holder, who has already done enough for glory and a place in the Olympic team.

Cowdray Park: Winners of the Sutton Smith Cup

Above, on the right, are Miss Susan Rollo, Mr. Peter Rollo, and their mother, Lady Kathleen Rollo, Lord Downshire's sister. Peter Rollo rowed two in the Eton boat

Below, right: Mr. Harcourt Gold, the old Oxford Blue, is between his daughter, Mrs. Henry Illingworth, and Lord Desborough, chairman of the Thames Conservancy

Left: Captain D. Dawnay (back), Captain Walford (2), Mr. J. Lakin (3), and Viscount Cowdray, winners of the Sutton Smith Cup at Roehampton. They beat Edmundsbury, who conceded half a goal, by 7½-7

In the Stewards, at Henley

At the "Ace of Spades" Gymkhana

A competitor taking a jump in the open class at the "Ace of Spades" Horse Show and Gymkhana. A riding and polo school has recently been added to the many facilities of the road-house, where polo is not only taught, but can be played for a reasonable cost; thus the obstacle of expense is removed, which for so long has prevented this fine game from becoming more popular. The polo club is now in formation

Winner of the Greyhound Derby

Fine Jubilee won the Greyhound Derby at the White City by six lengths, starting odds-on favourite. After the race for this classic event, Mr. Charles Munn, a director of the G.R.A., presented the Derby Trophy to Mrs. M. Yate, Fine Jubilee's owner

Summer Sport *(continued)*

Watch the quarter-mile particularly, though, for in this race many arguments will be settled. G. L. Rampling, A. G. K. Brown, W. Roberts, and F. F. Wolff are fighting it out, and a terrific struggle it promises to be.

S. C. Wooderson and J. E. Lovelock have both entered for the mile, but I fancy that Wooderson will concentrate on the half, and Lovelock on the three miles—very wise decisions.

THE field events we leave to foreigners —our genius is not for heaving shots or throwing hammers or other missiles, or even for jumping phenomenal distances and heights, with or without poles. I do suggest, at any rate, that the White City is worth a visit this week-end, if only as a foreshadowing of greater events in Berlin. They tell me that the arrangements at Berlin, by the way, will be a remarkable exercise in German efficiency. Among other manifestations of thoroughness, a hundred thousand uniformed twelve-year-old boys will line the route from the centre of the city to the stadium every day. Einfach monumental, though I do not trust my German spelling.

WIMBLEDON, as I write, has reached exactly the period when prognostication is impossible and comment inadvisable. We have had the sad news that Miss Round and Miss Stammers are defeated—we wonder why it is that Great Britain cannot reach the semi-finals of the Ladies' Singles. Queer, when the tennis courts of Britain swarm every summer evening and week-end with earnest young women modelling themselves assiduously upon the great ones of the game. We have the stylists right enough—there Miss Round and Miss Stammers are unassailable—but the temperament, somehow, is lacking.

One other tennis query—what would have happened if the plucky and accomplished little Señorita Lizana had not fallen heavily when she was leading a harassed Miss Jacobs? I gather from my expert that the Señorita would probably have won, and he tells me also that she is as likely a champion of the future as any of them.

(Concluded on page vi)

Cambridge Captain

Hugh Bartlett (Dulwich and Pembroke) captained the Cambridge XI. which met Oxford at Lord's on Monday. He is left-handed

Oxford Captain

Norman Mitchell-Innes (Sedburgh and Brasenose) is the Oxford captain. He is also Oxford's golf captain, '36-'37

This England . . .

Dunster, Somerset.

OUR ENGLAND is a garden — from the valiant geranium of the tenement window-sill to the lovely riot of colour round rectory or farm. All of us like to till the soil in some sort and draw a sweet content from the fruits of our labours. So also do we enjoy the fruits of a wider labouring of this kindly earth. For after the rich gold of the barley fields has been gathered to the malting-floor, the heavy-scented hop to the oasthouse, there comes Worthington — a distillation of the very harvest, it seems, to fill our veins and hearts with the mellow strength of this England . . .

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

The Open Championship

THE Open and Amateur Championships of 1936 have been most satisfactory. The best amateur golfer won the Amateur and the best golfer won the Open, and during both these championships the competitors were allowed to play without any undue inconvenience caused by the large number of spectators who watched, or tried to watch, the play. It is true one or two competitors made the excuse that they had missed shots because ice-cream vendors or newspaper-boys had advertised their wares in raucous voices at the critical stage of a swing, but people who play in championships should be immune from these slight inconveniences. You will never hear Douglas Jardine say that the reason he got out was because he was being barracked, but he may possibly say that the reason he did not get out was because the crowd had put him on his mettle by their stupid remarks. The competitors who have to play immediately in front of or behind a large gallery are, without any doubt, at a great disadvantage. The stewards controlling the large crowds are continually shouting, "Back on the right!" or "Back on the left!" while these unfortunate players are trying to play their shots, and they are seldom allowed to putt without some spectators, who have either gone forward to get a good position from which to see the great man putt or are trying to catch him up, continually moving either just behind them or in their line of vision.

DR. J. A. FLAHERTY, of Addington, has had the misfortune for the last two years to be drawn next to Cotton during some part of the Open Championship. At first he waited before playing the shots, in the hope that some spectators would stop moving about, but he has come to the conclusion that this is too much to expect, and has consequently trained himself to play when people are shouting and moving about, and says that now these occurrences do not affect him in the slightest degree.

I think that most people were pleased to see Padgham win. Firstly, because he was the best player, and secondly, because it was just about his turn to win. He was second last year, third the year before, seventh in 1933, and fourth in 1932. Padgham won with an aggregate of 287, consisting of scores of 73, 72, 71, and 71, which was four strokes better than Bobby Jones's winning total in 1930, when the course was over 200 yards shorter in length.

THE previous record of the links at Hoylake, made by A. Compston in the Open of 1930, was not beaten, but it was equalled by Henry Cotton in the qualifying rounds and by W. J. Branch, a young assistant from Henbury, in the Championship proper. Cotton, who is the best player off the tee and through the green in Europe, and probably in the world, did break the record at the other qualifying links at Wallasey, where he returned a card of 67 on the Monday before play was declared null and void. His partner, J. Sherlock (Aldeburgh), who was nearly the oldest man playing, said that this round of Cotton's was the best exhibition of modern golf he had ever seen; but please note he did not say it was the best exhibition of golf he had ever seen. Sherlock, who had previously only seen Cotton play an odd shot or two, was, like everyone else, not at all struck by his method of putting. He said to me: "To tell the truth, the results in his 67 were decidedly good, but I was very surprised every time the long ones stopped near the hole and also when the short ones went in."

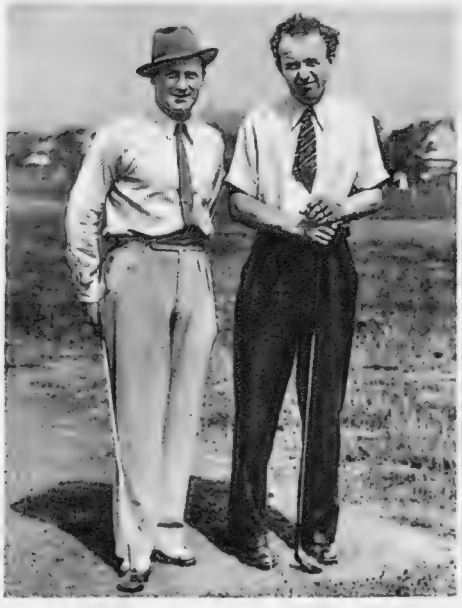
PADGHAM, of course, played well, but he most certainly did not play well for Padgham; he was fighting for his figures nearly all the time and continually saving his bacon by getting down in a chip and a putt. He played the last five holes—which make probably the most testing finish of all the championship links—better than his opponents, and it was his scores at these holes which were chiefly responsible for his success. The details of the last five holes he played are interesting, because in them he played three really bad shots and yet completed them in only one stroke more than he should have. He got his four at the 511-yards fourteenth; he pushed his second badly at the fifteenth, and took five; he again pushed his second at the sixteenth, where he took a spoon when a big iron appeared a better choice, and took five again; he pulled his tee shot at the seventeenth and gave himself a second as near impossible as possible; to play this shot he had to pitch on an area a little larger than that of a bridge table. He did so, but ran through the green to get down in a chip and a putt for a four. He then played the last hole calmly and perfectly and holed a putt of a little over three yards for a three.

Padgham Won the Open

With an aggregate score of 287, one under fours. He fully justified his position as favourite, and with the Open he adds the final triumph to a great season of success

COTTON and Adams, who had started the last round one stroke ahead of Padgham, had to finish in an average of fours for the last five holes to catch him, and there were very few good judges who thought they would do so. In fact, about their only hope at that time was to appeal against the light. Adams did hole the fourteenth and fifteenth and sixteenth in four, and with a perfect tee shot to the seventeenth appeared likely to tie, but he pulled his second into a bunker and took five. He then made a great effort to make amends for this error by playing a very fine second to the last hole which never left the flag. It, however, pitched hard and ran about nine yards past the hole, from where his putt to tie went into the hole and out again, to lie on the lip.

WHEN you realise what the winning of the Open means to a professional golfer, you will agree with me that it is to Adams' eternal credit that he smiled naturally when he saw his ball come out, and did not dramatically fling his hands in the air and call on the heavens.

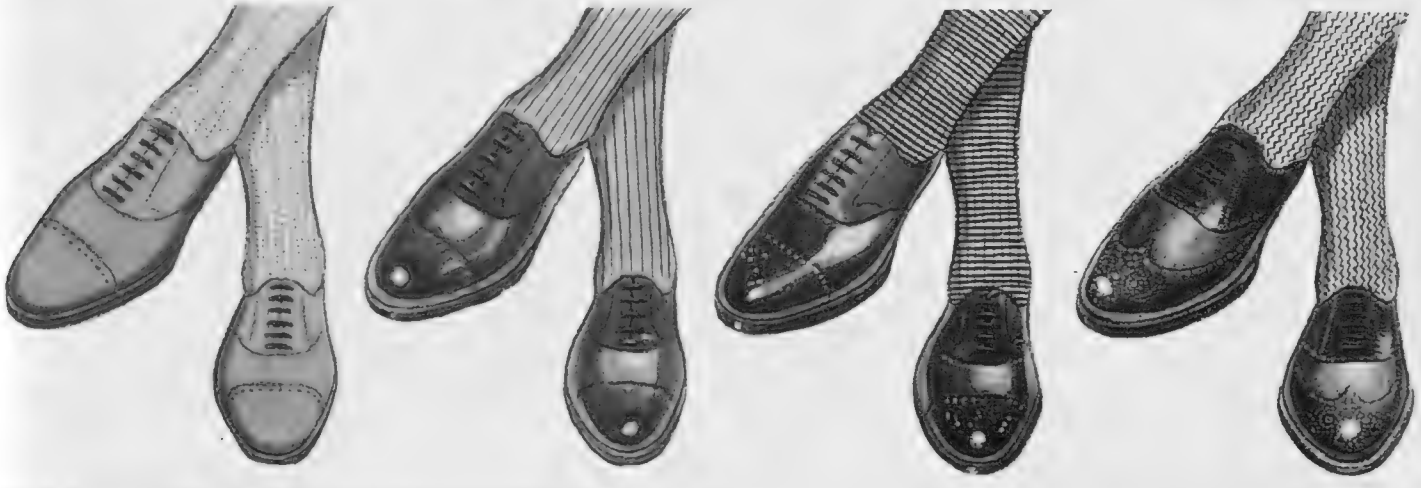


Francis Ricardo with Dr. J. A. Flaherty, who has "trained himself to play when people are moving about"

John Ball looks on at seventy-five. Eight times Amateur Champion, he won the Open in 1894. With him is Mr. Wyndham Lewis

Shoes and Socks

LEISURE *People tell us that the floor they like best at Simpson's is the Lower Ground. Whether that's because the snack bar is there, we don't know. But we* do *know that our shoe shop is there, too—and that it's a pretty remarkable place. The four pairs pictured above are good examples from our immense selection of holiday shoes. They cost between* 25/- *and* 50/-



TOWN *This row contains suggestions for more formal occasions. The pair on the left are in brown suède, the next in calf —the others are in willow. Their prices run from* 30/- *up to* 50/-. *We ought also, at this point, to mention socks, of which we have a very large variety running in price from as high as* 15/6 *down to* 3/6. *You will find them all very excellent!*

EVENING *Simpsons show several styles in which evening shoes may permissibly be fashioned. A more recent one, which several well-dressed men have been much taken with, is that on the extreme right. It is what we call a " two-tie," which gives a long front to the shoe — and, as a patent Oxford, we sell it at* 42/-. *Worth coming in to see, when next you're passing.*

Women's Golf

This Handicap Business

By Eleanor E. Helme

DEAR BYSTANDER,

I SUPPOSE handicapping is as fruitful a source of argument as anything else in the golfing world, and to devise a system which is absolutely perfect must be almost beyond the wit of man or woman.

This year, as you know, players of 3 and under have been re-handicapped on the average of their six scores, which may all be done over the same course, provided the par thereof is not less than 70.

No doubt that sounded very nice in theory when it was propounded over the Council table last year, but in actual practice it does not appear to work so well as the old system of the worst of your three best scores. As to the arithmetical formula and its effect on handicap managers, I cannot pretend to have an opinion. Fractions were never my best subject, and I only know that when I was a handicap manager the book which had to be carted round, even on the briefest of week-ends, made packing a horror, quite apart from the arithmetic over the reductions.

The frequency with which handicap managers resign, and new are elected, seems to suggest they feel the same even in these days of expanding suit-cases and travel by car.

MY own opinion is that it is high time all handicapping was done in the L.G.U. office, even if it means running to a couple of clerks extra and enlarging the premises.

If the handicap is, unfortunately, a necessity of golfing life, then the apportioning of certificates should not be dependent on the kind offices of a voluntary worker, but should be the immediate and automatic result of application to the head office, which would have a competent system of filing, and no fear that the luckless handicap manager will have gone away without the necessary documents from which alone she can grant the certificate.

I SEEM to have strayed from my original argument, which was that the present system of six scores gives unsatisfactory handicaps.

It is easy to say that one is captious when so many matches of BYSTANDER Foursomes this year have gone to the last green or beyond. Quite so, but let it be remembered that handicaps in foursomes are very much whittled down by the 3-8ths of the difference, and that the great majority of players in such events have handicaps exceeding 4. For these the present system of handicaps earned by score play is probably the only workable one and the most satisfactory.

Where a good many critics would like to see a change made is amongst the lowest handicaps of all, 3 and under. There the most extraordinary discrepancies exist, of players on scratch or plus who have never reached the closing stages of an open or native championship and contrariwise, of an Open Champion who has an allowance of one stroke.

WHAT seems to be wanted is some system similar to that by which the men allow national handicaps, in which, though their scores returned under competition conditions should be taken into account, the committee would allot handicaps on the player's record in the championship and international matches.

I suppose you will get some people saying that once the handicap ceases to be automatically earned by scores returned, personal feelings must inevitably come in, and that the committee who would allot the handicaps could not be entirely impartial and unbiased in their work. That seems to me somewhat of a libel; though admittedly committees do make mistakes, this handicapping committee might be trusted to do its work faithfully, because its meetings would be so infrequent that the best brains of the golfing world would have time to serve on it; for the leading players real handicap value does not change from month to month.

It does seem ridiculous that there should be players handicapped at 1 or 2 whom no selection committee, even for home internationals, would think of considering. This anomaly would be removed by some system of international handicaps allotted on match play.

I KNOW well that handicaps are a subject on which a great deal of rubbish is talked. It is quite common to hear somebody come in in a match-play tournament, particularly foursomes, and say of such-and-such a player, that it is quite absurd her having a handicap of 20, she ought not to be anything more than 10. Further inquiry will elicit that this golfing marvel has only won at the eighteenth or nineteenth hole, and that the opponent who is complaining of her has, by her own admission, played atrociously, far worse than her own single-figure handicap would seem to suggest that she should.

It is so easy to be misled by a few brilliant shots, or even by one steady round, particularly in foursomes, where the inspiring presence of a partner with a low handicap often works marvels for the worse player of the partnership. Sooner or later these long-handicap players crack up, and it will almost always be sooner than later if the lower handicap who is playing against them rattles the sword early enough by playing up to her own reputation and down to her own handicap.

An L.G.U. handicap, after all, is supposed to represent what a player would do against a champion golfer on, say, nine occasions out of ten. Would the opponent who complains of So-and-So's handicap being ten shots too much be prepared to put her money on that dark horse in a match against a reigning champion played under handicap? I doubt it.

Yours ever,
ELEANOR E. HELME.

Lords v. Commons Mixed Foursomes at Walton Heath

The Duke of Marlborough, Lady Stavordale, Lady Power and Sir John Power played in the Lords v. Commons mixed foursomes at Walton Heath, won by the Lords seven matches to five. Sir John Power is the first baronet and M.P. for Wimbledon

Mrs. Somerset Maxwell, Lord Brocket and the Hon. Somerset Maxwell at Walton Heath. Mr. Maxwell is M.P. for the King's Lynn Division of Norfolk

MONTE CARLO BEACH

★*SUMMER SPORTING CLUB*
Smartest and most amusing place on Riviera to dine, dance or gamble in the open air.

★*BEACH RESTAURANT*
Overlooks swimming pool with view straight out to sea—ideal for luncheon.

★*COUNTRY CLUB*
Twenty-one hard tennis courts—home of international championships.

★*MONT AGEL GOLF CLUB*
Eighteen-hole course seven thousand feet up—always refreshing breezes.

★*BATHING*
In pool and sea—motor boats and water-ski-ing.

★*MONTE CARLO GIRLS*
Cabaret every evening at Summer Sporting Club—incomparable feux d'artifice.

★*BEACH HOTELS*
Only a stone's throw from sea and Sporting Club.

★*PENSION TOURNANTE*
Visitors enjoy wide choice of places to eat.

Looking down on the Swimming Pool and Beach Hotel

There's Racing at Hatfield: By Charles Ward

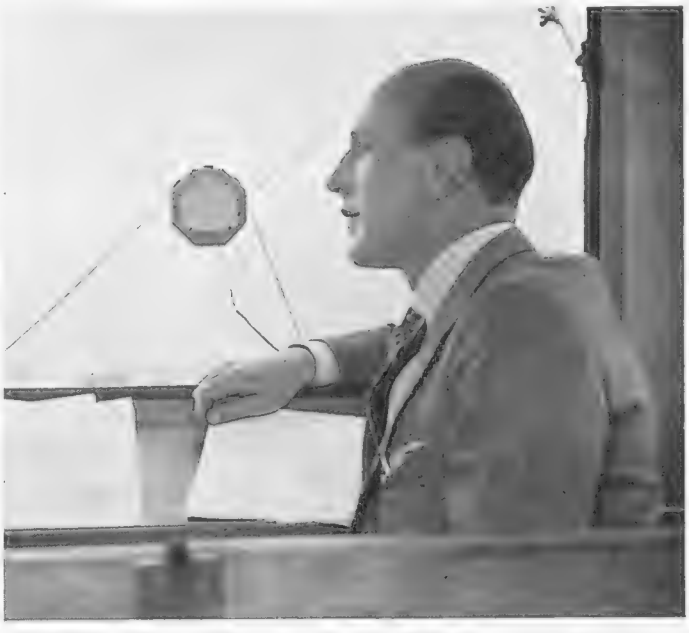
The ex-King of Siam is learning to fly at Heston, with Flight-Lt. Glover as his instructor. He has proved an extremely apt pupil and should be going solo quite soon

For the King's Cup

ALL plans have been completed for the race, which is due to start from de Havilland's aerodrome at Hatfield on Friday morning next at 10 a.m. Two circuits of a 612-mile course will be flown on that day, with twelve circuits of a 26-mile course over and around Hatfield aerodrome for the final on Saturday. On Friday, competitors will turn or land at Norwich, Nottingham, Bristol, High Post, near Salisbury, Shoreham and Coventry, so that interest in the race is not by any means confined to London. The final will be started at 3.30 p.m., and is expected to finish at about half-past five. The King's Cup will be presented to the winner by Viscount Swinton, the S. of S., and in addition, Viscount Wakefield gives £500 to the first, £200 to the second, and £100 to the third. Thirteen out of twenty-eight entries are being flown by the entrants themselves. It is good to see that Flight-Lt. "Tommy" Rose is not deserting aviation entirely; he is flying a Miles "Hawk" in the Race for Lady Wakefield. There is quite a possibility that he will partner C. W. A. Scott in the race to Johannesburg, if they can obtain and prepare in time the "Comet" which was sold to the Air Ministry.

The African Race

THERE is a delightful freedom from restrictions in the rules for the race to Johannesburg. At such short notice, a complicated ground control would be difficult to organise, and further, more entrants are likely when the rules are few. The course includes a turning point at Vienna, where competitors must be observed, and one control only at Cairo, where everyone must land and report. The first-named has been chosen to discourage the long hop from West to East across the Mediterranean, and the second so that there shall not be the risk of a forced landing in the unknown parts of the Sahara. The shortest distance is 6550 miles, and this must be completed in an over-all time of 5 days. A speed of 150 miles is the minimum for handicaps, and all pilots must have at least 100 hours' solo flying in their log-books. If the "Comet" is entered, or the twin-engined Bristol monoplane that Lord Rothermere presented to the Air Ministry, either of these could cover the course in 48 hours. The handicap section is perhaps of more interest to the majority, as there are four prizes, and substantial allowances are being made for pay-load in relation to total weight; also for power loading. It will be difficult to gamble on the result for the fastest time. After leaving Cairo, pilots may land where they wish for petrol or, of course, could go right through if they have the capacity. Entebbe is roughly half-way down Africa, after which a direct course leaves the Imperial route and involves crossing Victoria Nyanza and the least inhabited parts of Tanganyika and Northern Rhodesia. This was the old route to the Cape, before Imperial Airways decided to follow the line of white settlement. It was the trail blazed by Van Ryneveld, Cobham and then Pulford, leading the first of the R.A.F. "goodwill" flights.



"Miking" at the R.A.F. Display—Wing-Commander Helmore broadcasting our greatest air event to the world. He has been made a Doctor of Philosophy for outstanding fuel research, and in addition to scientific eminence is also a first-class pilot

Air Service News

RAILWAY Air Services is introducing Sunday excursions between the South Coast and South Wales, using the municipal aerodromes at Cardiff, Bristol, Southampton and Brighton. Calls are also made at Weston-super-Mare and on the Isle of Wight. Fares are 20 per cent. below the normal charges for the journeys, and the concession enables people to spend from six to nine hours on the sunny south coast. Further afield, British Airways has commenced its direct service to Stockholm. Liners leave Gatwick at 9 a.m., call at Amsterdam, Hamburg, Copenhagen and Malmoe, being due at the Swedish capital at 6.30 p.m. Going North, there are connections at Copenhagen for Gothenburg, Oslo and Norway generally. A Sunday connection of value to those who have been spending a holiday in Majorca, Corsica or other North African centres served by Air France, is that which leaves Paris at 7.55 p.m. and is due at the Dorchester at 11 p.m.

Around the Flying Fields

SO Brooklands is to have much money spent on its development and is to become an airport. There is plenty of flying there these days, especially at the Club, where town members put in a lot of time between seven and ten in the evening. Hawkers and Vickers are residents at Brooklands, so that everyone on the spot gets a preview of the latest bombers and fighters as they are taken up on test. This accounts for the slightly superior attitude amongst habitués, when discussing speed and climb with a stranger from another aerodrome. Having watched these marvels of science and engineering through their teething stages and taken part in all the gossip of the tarmac, a proprietary interest is developed quite naturally. Major Shaw and Mr. R. Callingham figure in Lloyds List as new private owners, the former having bought a Puss Moth and the latter an open Moth with a Gipsy II. Sir Philip Richardson continues his habit of bringing whole house-parties for joy-rides, which is good for trade and an effective means of converting your friends en masse to the advantages of the air way. That museum piece, the Caudron, which Ken Waller brought over from Brussels quite recently, acquitted itself with honours at the R.A.F. Display. The Monospar "Croydon," has been bought by Major C. R. Anson, who has offered it to Lord Sempill for a flight to Australia with a crew and spares equal to a commercial load of ten passengers. It is very fast—top speed exceeds 200 miles an hour—and could make the journey in 3½ days.

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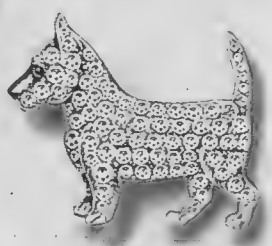

Diamonds £72

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Cars with a Personality

The 1936 Austin "Seven": By The Earl of Cardigan

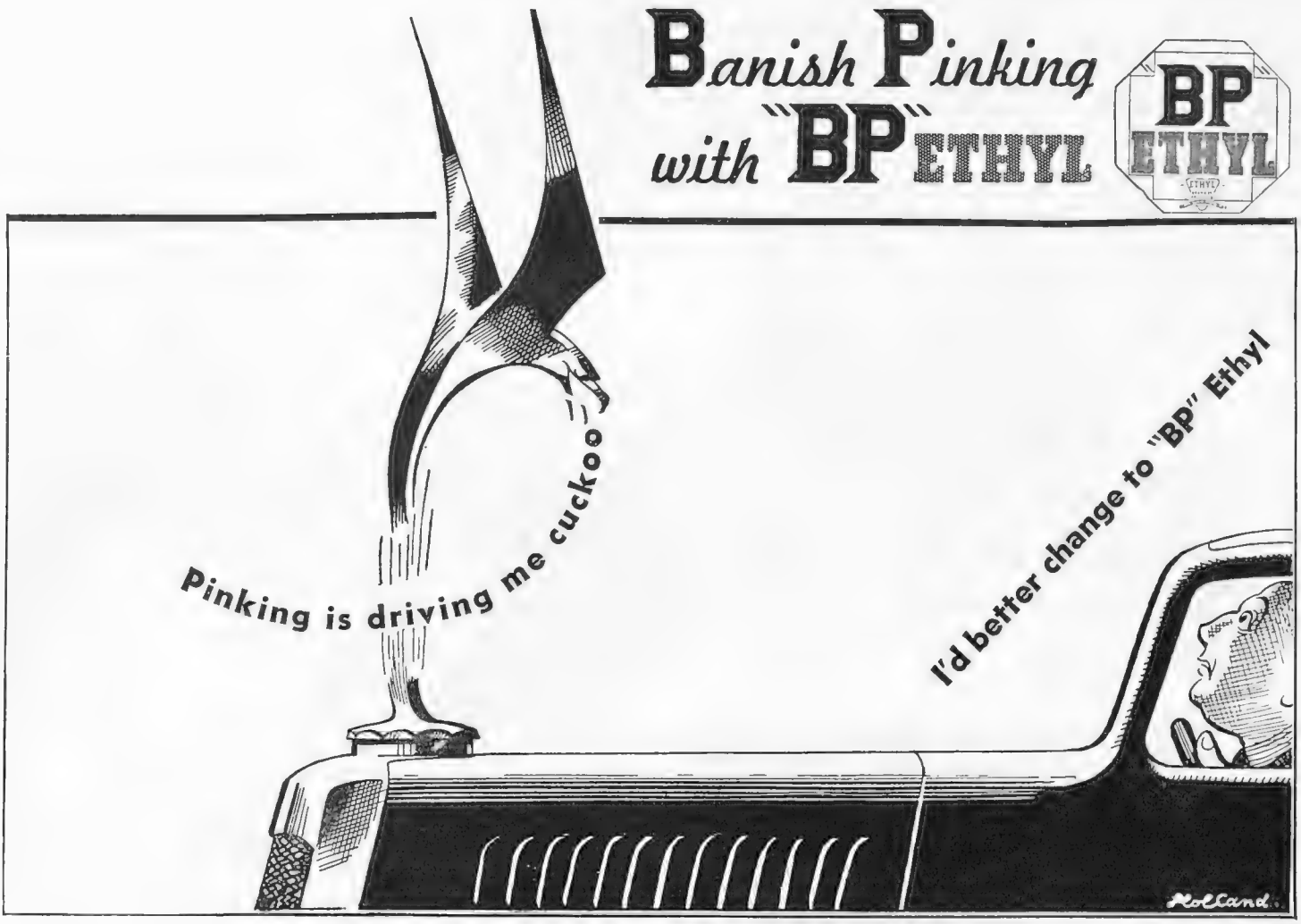
The Austin "Seven," although of modest size, is a perfectly genuine motor-car. It provides a useful amount of seating space, and has a very sturdy road performance

THE Austin "Seven" may well lay claim to the distinction of being the best-known of British light cars. It was first designed a great many years ago. It has since been modified from time to time; but its essential features have not been radically altered. Year after year it goes on selling—and it brings economical motoring to thousands of families.

The 1936 edition has an engine of 7·8 h.p., of the four-cylinder side-valve type. The chief feature of this little power unit is its extreme sturdiness—its ability to pull away even when most heavily stressed. It is desirable, but never essential, to keep it turning at high "revs." There is no question of the power petering out as the speed decreases.

(*Concluded on page* iv)

The driving position is comfortable, and the four-speed gear-box is a great asset. Three of the four ratios are synchro-mesh—so that driving problems are reduced to the minimum



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and unique mountain resorts of High Tatras.

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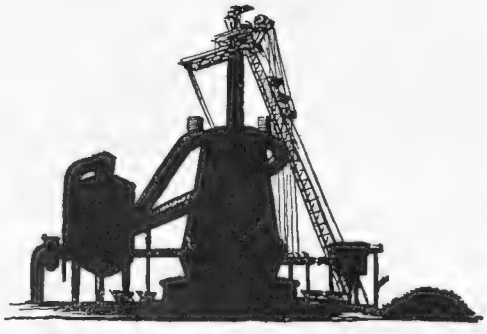
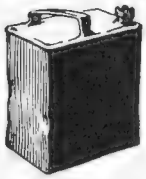
Write to-day for illustrated brochure to the Czechoslovak Travel Bureau (Dept. B.) 21, Regent St., London, S.W.1. (or principal tourist agencies) or better still call for full particulars.

PROGRESS MEANS MORE POWER

FROM BELLOWS

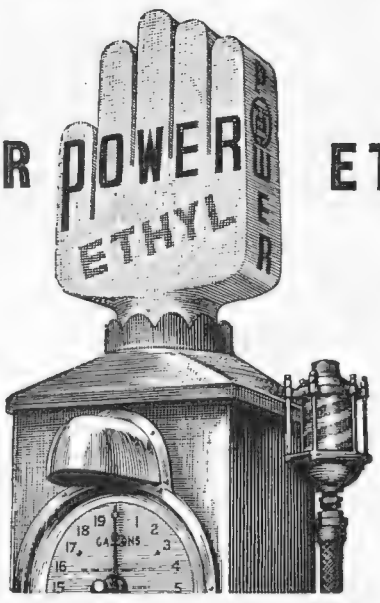


TO BLAST FURNACE



FROM PETROL TO

POWER POWER ETHYL



THE MOST POWERFUL PETROL ON SALE TO THE PUBLIC

The doors are of ample width, so that there is no difficulty about getting in and out. The controls are central, and the front seats are adjustable

Cars With a Personality *(Continued from page ii)*

In any case, there is a four-speed gear-box, so that the intelligent driver can always obtain the best possible results. Top, third, and second gears are all synchro-mesh, so that there is no need for mechanical skill. I regard this gear-box as a very great asset—indeed, as perhaps the most valuable feature of the chassis specification.

A VERY fair turn of speed is available. The third gear is high enough to give 35 m.p.h., while approximately 55 m.p.h. can be attained in top gear. These figures can be recorded without any "fussiness" or vibration being manifested.

The springing, when one considers the car's short wheelbase, is decidedly good. Bumps are smoothed out, and there is very little "pitching" action. The brakes are powerful, and the steering functions with accuracy and lightness. At all speeds within its range this Austin can therefore be trusted to hold the road with satisfying steadiness.

The front springing, incidentally, is of the transverse variety. This, combined with the unusual triangular design of the chassis frame, has virtually the same effect as any of the "knee action" arrangements. In this, the "Seven" strikes a very modernistic note.

THE saloon coachwork is well equipped, and the amount of interior space is decidedly useful for so small a car. It would be an over-statement to describe it as generous—and visibility would be improved if the windscreen had an inch or two of additional height. Three large people, however, can be seated in comfort, and there is, of course, accommodation for four people of more modest stature. (The writer, it should perhaps be noted, is just over six feet in height.)

The "Ruby" saloon, which incorporates a sliding head, costs only £125. This is first-rate value—and it is, of course, common knowledge that running costs are likewise such as to bear wonderfully lightly on the motorist's pocket.

There is a fair amount of room at the back. The front seats tip forward, so that the back-seat passengers have easy access to their places

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"MELTON MOWBRAY"

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This beautiful bronze was modelled by Phyllis Bone after a superb painting, by John Ferneley of Melton Mowbray (dated 1826), of a Hunter of the period The height is 6 inches without plinth.

Price £9.9.0 carriage free.

THE SPORTING GALLERY,

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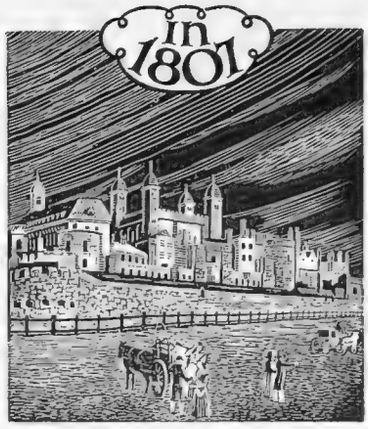

THE MINT WAS MOVING.....

from cramped quarters in the Tower to the larger premises of the old Navy Victualling Yard at Little Tower Hill. McCallum's "Perfection" Scots Whisky was moving then, too . . . it made its first appearance in 1807. A great year . . . a great whisky. And it leads still . . . a blended miracle of fine flavour . . . reliable as the Mint itself.

Feathers on Felt

This old-world bonnet is taken from an advance collection of autumn hats to be seen in the model millinery salons at Harrods. It is carried out in summer felt, tinted faded rose, and is trimmed with ostrich tips in a dark shade of burgundy. The conical crown is a new note

The July Sales

Six Days Only

SHOPPING during sale-time offers all the excitement of a treasure-hunt, especially at Harrods, Knightsbridge, whose summer sale begins next Monday, July 13th, and lasts for one week only. An illustrated catalogue will gladly be sent free on application. Among the many bargains to be found in every department are printed crêpe frocks suitable for holiday wear, at a guinea; and others in pure silk, with short swagger coats for 45s. Bathing-suits are selling at half-price, and beach slacks are marked down to £1. In the fur department, model coats are reduced to less than half-price. A limited number of luxurious mink wraps are being sold for 25 guineas and 49 guineas, while swagger coats in Shiraz Persian lamb, an exceptionally hard-wearing and becoming fur, are reduced to 15 guineas.

Bargains for the Householder

ALSO beginning on July 13th, is Liberty's, Regent Street, summer sale, which continues for two weeks and offers many sound investments in the way of furnishing requisites. Persian rugs and carpets in exceptionally handsome colourings are reduced by 25 per cent., which means that a rug measuring 6 ft. by 3½ ft. may be purchased for as little as 63s. Neither should remnants of furnishing brocades, tapestries and velvets be overlooked. Holiday frocks in printed Sungleam, with short or long sleeves, are selling at 49s. 6d. and 59s. 6d.; while taffeta evening gowns range from two guineas. The latter also applies to knitted suits, tweed outfits suitable for Scotland costing £3 12s. 6d. A number of children's frocks are being cleared at half-price, and dresses suitable for young girls between the ages of thirteen and fifteen years cost 35s. A catalogue, by the way, is not being issued.

Sound Speculations

AN important event at Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, is the stocktaking sale, which began on July 6th and finishes July 25th. The illustrated catalogue is worthy of careful study, and will, of course, be sent post free on request. Shoes are always a gilt-edged security, and for sports or country wear there are Monk styles in dyed ostrich skin, with welted soles, for 29s. 6d., reduced from 35s. 9d. Aquatite ghillie shoes, with non-skid rubber soles, are only £1, which is also the cost of over two hundred sample models for sports, promenade, and evening wear. Travelling coats in various showerproof woollen fabrics are £4 and £5, while short golfing jackets in suède and leather range from £3 to £5.

Summer Sport *(Continued from page 82)*

Now we look forward to the Davis Cup. We should retain it, but I begin to think that lawn tennis is almost as incalculable a game as cricket. And how strange is this cricket of ours!

DID you see the Test match at Lord's? An odd affair indeed, though the preposterous weather was partly to blame—the rain and the bad light and the sodden turf damped down All India's fires. I should like to record comments from the pavilion, but there are laws against such indiscretions. It was poor cricket, at any rate, but we may as well look on the bright side. Amar Singh's bowling, for example—there was a thing of beauty and rare quality. How late he swung that ball; how subtly he controlled pace and flight! Some of the England batsmen after facing him were fully convinced that the rope trick is merely a minor manifestation of Indian magic. Nissar, too, hurled himself to the attack with the authentic hostility of a great fast bowler.

AND Gimblett—that innings of his was important. It may well have been the preliminary flourish in an outstanding cricket career. All depends on the way Gimblett is handled by the authorities. If he is urged to caution, if his natural qualities are curbed, we shall waste him, beyond a doubt. He should have every encouragement. He should be told at once that he will certainly go to Australia. He should be relieved of the disturbing strain of playing for a place. A little coaching from "Patsy" Hendren might, perhaps, be helpful to him, but he has a natural genius for the game, and plays his strokes in all circumstances as easily as if he were batting on a village green, unflustered by responsibility. He must be allowed to mature his style in his own way, and in a year or two we shall have a player of the highest value.

It may seem unnecessary to stress this, but we are apt to be cautious and slow-witted with our promising youngsters. It is obvious that Gimblett is good enough for England, and that should be sufficient.

I HAVE an idea, incidentally, that we shall see Larwood playing for England again before the season is over. There are difficulties on both sides to be removed, of course, but they have lessened of late, and developments are possible. How sorely we needed a bowler of Larwood's calibre at Lord's!

G. O. Allen put great heart and enthusiasm into his attack on an impossible wicket, but he badly wanted support from a bowler of some pace. No doubt he will be better served at Manchester.

WHAT else? Boxing, and Max Baer's reported offer of £40,000 for a shot at the heavy-weight title against James Braddock? That strikes me as good publicity but bad sense. If Baer wants to get into the big money again he will have to fight his way there, and that will take some doing. Perhaps he would like to try himself out against Joe Louis first.

THEN we have Eton and Harrow at Lord's on Friday—a pretty scene, but of late years the cricket has been hardly up to snuff. Perhaps this time it will manage to interrupt the conversation occasionally, but I doubt it.

Personal Appearance

Morton Downey, the American tenor, who has always been a best-seller over here on gramophone records, is going to sing at the Palladium next week. He "goes into the programme" on July 13th.

"Bystander" Women's Golf Competition—June Monthly Medal Results will appear next week.

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* Coupons must be attached to the cards *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON

JULY

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Address .....

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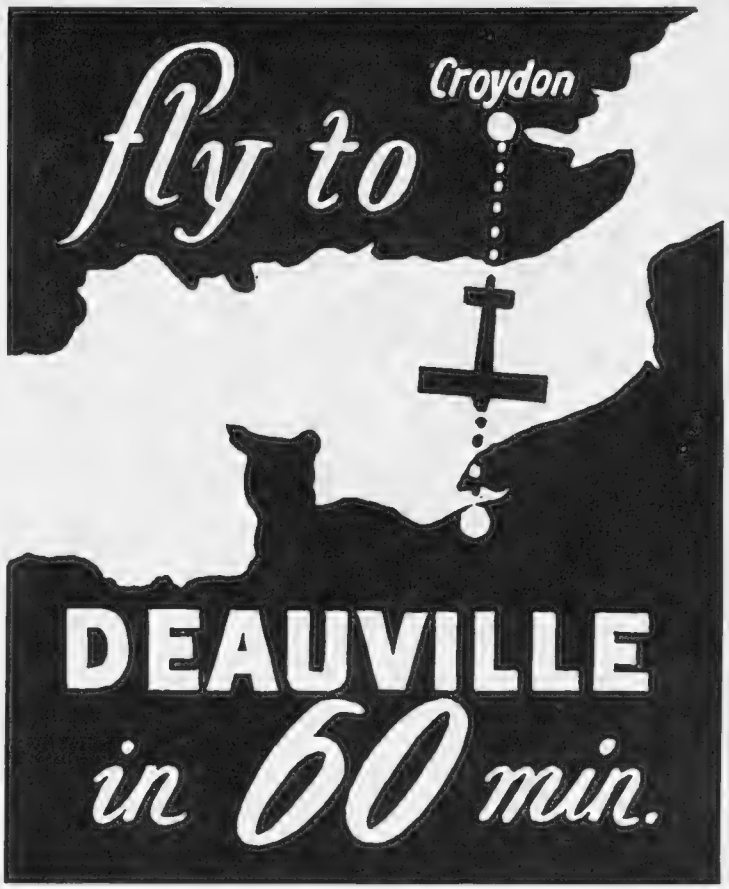

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FOUR IMPORTANT EVENTS IN JULY:

SATURDAY, JULY 11th .. Gala de la Couture at The Ambassadeurs

TUESDAY, JULY 14th .. Concours d'Elegance Automobile (under the auspices of *"Le Figaro"*)

SUNDAY, JULY 19 .. MOTOR SPEED RACES

SATURDAY, JULY 25th and SUNDAY, JULY 26th—Grand Prix de l'Aero Club de France Coupe Armand Esders (Deauville—Cannes—Deauville)

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F. André, Managing Director. *Same management in Winter as Casino Municipal, Cannes*

The Southern Railway offers special express service via Southampton and Havre

Getting Married

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Catherine Bell

Evelyn Mary Marshall

Is the only daughter of the late David Marshall and Mrs. Marshall, of 11, Esmond Court, W.8; she is engaged to Lieut. Edmund Clutton, R.N., son of Captain and Mrs. Ralph Clutton, of 22, Newton Court, W.8

Pearl Freeman

Averil Clark

Averil Joan Clark, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Kynoch Clark, of Jubbulpore, India, is engaged to Desmond St. John Hoysted, elder son of Col. D. Hoysted, C.B.E., D.S.O., and Mrs. Hoysted, of Stonebridge House, Shalford, Surrey

Catherine Bell

Patricia Limpenny

Is engaged to Cecil Orr, of 223, Brompton Road, S.W.; she is the younger daughter of Engineer-Rear-Admiral Limpenny, D.S.O., and Mrs. Limpenny, of 1c, Bina Gardens, South Kensington

Lenare

Jean Paterson

Is the second daughter of Brig.-Gen. Paterson, D.S.O., and Mrs. Paterson, of The Golden Farm, Cirencester; she is engaged to Capt. Ian Chauvel, elder son of Gen. Sir Harry and Lady Chauvel, of Melbourn.

Lenare

Diana Westendarp

Announces her engagement to Anthony Puckle, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Puckle, of Wray Coppice, Reigate; she is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Westendarp, of Hawkwood, Great Bookham, Surrey

Pearl Freeman

Margot Milkins

Is the only child of the late H. S. Milkins and Mrs. Milkins, of Oakfield Street, Cardiff; she is engaged to William Hebditch, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hebditch, of Briardale, Loftus-in-Cleveland, Yorkshire

Carver — MacKinnon

At Portsmouth Dockyard Church, Lt. Geoffrey Carver, R.N., only son of Mr. and Mrs. Carver, of Highlands, Shortheath, Farnham, married Mavis Ione MacKinnon, second daughter of Rear-Admiral and Mrs. MacKinnon, of 32, St. Ronans Road, Southsea

Stafford — Coke

Basil Stafford, only son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Stafford, of Nottingham, and Sylvia Coke, elder daughter of Mrs. Reginald Coke, of 4, Carlyle Square, S.W.3, were married at the Caxton Hall Register Office, Westminster

Noble — Varley

Hilary Noble, only son of the late Robert Noble and Mrs. Noble, of 79, Chester Sq., S.W. and Faith Varley, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Varley, of 21, Cadogan Place, S.W. were married at St. James's, Spanish Place

Bohane — Passmore

Hubert Bohane, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bohane, of Broadwater Down, Tunbridge Wells, and Betty Passmore, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Passmore, of Matfield, Kent, were married at St. Augustine's Church, Tunbridge Wells

Wight-Boycott — Barrett

The marriage took place at St. James's, Spanish Place, between Denys R. Wight-Boycott, son of Mr. and Mrs. Wight-Boycott, of Ranchi, India, and Mary Barrett, daughter of Mr. and the late Mrs. F. G. Sumner, of the Dene House, Kineton, Warwick.

Widdicombe — Nevile

George Templer Widdicombe, 9th Gurkha Rifles, younger son of Col. and Mrs. Widdicombe, and Dorothy Nevile, youngest daughter of Major Nevile, of Hatfield House, Doncaster, and Mrs. Evelyn Nevile, of 49, Grosvenor Street, W.1, were married at Christ Church, Lancaster Gate

Hammett — Wright

At St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, Richard Norman Hammett, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Hammett, of Putney Heath, married Hilda Thom Wright, youngest daughter of Mr. John Wright, O.B.E., and Mrs. Wright, of Purley, Surrey

Pocock — Ievers

Major John Grahame Pocock, son of the late R. J. Pocock and Mrs. Pocock, of Lympstone, Exmouth, married Nancy Ievers, younger daughter of the late Major Eyre Ievers and Mrs. Ievers, of Sixmilebridge, Co. Clare, at Sixmilebridge Church

Waldron — Alley

Maurice Waldron, fourth son of Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Waldron, of Chute Standen, Andover, and Phyllis Alley, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Alley, of 66, Prince's Gate, S.W.7, were married at All Saints', Ennismore Gardens

Helby — Borrett

The marriage took place at the Tower Chapel between Hugh Helby, youngest son of Capt. and Mrs. Helby, of Madcombe House, East Prawle, Devon, and Marie Borrett, daughter of Mr. H. G. and the late Mrs. Borrett (Miss Marie Studholme), of Hampstead

Beaumont — Kaye

Stephen Beaumont, eldest son of the late Major G. Beaumont and Mrs. Beaumont, of Woolley Moor House, Chapelthorpe, near Wakefield, and Elizabeth Kaye, daughter of Col. and Mrs. H. S. Kaye, of St. John's Lodge, Wakefield, were married at Wakefield

Segar Owen — Nicholson

At St. Mary Abbot's, Kensington, Captain Oswald Segar Owen, elder son of the late Segar Segar Owen and Mrs. Segar Owen, of 33, Queen's Gate, S.W., married Katherine Nicholson, only daughter of Mr. W. H. Nicholson, of 39, Moray Place, Edinburgh

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

July 8 — July 14

First Night and Matinée dates are correct at time of going to press, but readers are advised to check them with their dailies

THEATRES

Comedy and Tragedy

AFTER OCTOBER.—Lively entertainment from polished acting of a polished plot (by Rodney Ackland). An impecunious family and its Micawber-like hopes have Mary Clare and Peter Godfrey to interpret: Aldwych, 8.30. Tues., Wed., 2.30.

ANTHONY AND ANNA.—St. John Ervine's play (produced by Irene Hentschel) continues to offer some of the best light comedy in town—Harold Warrender and Lucille Lisle, well supported by Morris Harvey and Fabia Drake: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GREEN WATERS.—A dramatic and rugged piece of work about a father-son feud (by Max Catto), with Gillian Lind and Sebastian Shaw in the lead: Vaudeville, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

THE INSECT PLAY.—The Capek brothers' insect characters cast succinct and satirical reflections on their betters (?), the humans; Edmund Willard is the tramp: Little, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE LADY OF LA PAZ.—Edith Ellis, Lilian Braithwaite, and Nova Pilbeam are in Auriol Lee's production of the story of a four-times-married woman: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

LADY PRECIOUS STREAM.—Imperturbable as its traditional national origin, this Chinese play goes on and on, with Esmé Percy, Patricia Burke, and Clifford Bartlett acting à la chinois: Savoy, 8.15. Mon., Thurs., Fri., 2.40.

MISS SMITH.—Simple, lively story-telling about a governess-girl who takes a family in charge; Olga Lindo interprets her sympathetically; also Phyllis Konstam and Julien Mitchell: Duke of York's, 8.40. Tues., Fri., 2.40.

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE.—Jane Austen and her England successfully transposed to the stage in a charming entertainment with period settings by Whistler. Celia Johnson as Elizabeth Bennett, Dorothy Hyson as Jane, Leueen Macgrath as Lydia: St. James's, 8.30 (not Mons.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE SEAGULL.—A feast of dramatic riches which must not be missed; Chekhov is the author, Komisarjevsky the producer, Peggy Ashcroft, Edith Evans, Stephen Haggard, and John Gielgud the stars: New, 8.30. Wed., Fri., 2.30.

THE TEMPEST.—Popular open-air piece has a strong cast; Baliol Holloway is Caliban, Leslie French is Ariel—also Gyles Isham, Ion Swinley, and Valentine Rooke: Open Air Theatre, Regent's Park, 8.30. Tues., Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE VISITOR.—Louis Borell (young Dutch actor) is the visitor to London in the play as well, with Greer Garson as his host's daughter; produced by Ellen (*Dominant Sex*) Pollock: Daly's, 8.30.

WHITEOAKS.—This fine play by Mazo de la Roche is about a family dominated by its grandmatriarch (Nancy Price); full of humanity: Playhouse, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

WINTER SUNSHINE.—Athene Seyler and Nicholas Hannen, on board a boat bound for the Antipodes, unravel a light plot relying solely on characterisation, which is good; easy and pleasant to watch: Royalty, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

Singing and Dancing

REVUDEVILLE No. 78.—The "Old Ladies" come back with Tom Walden as Stanley West's partner; Ken Douglas is principal comedian, and the ballet is a milk-maid one; good fun for all: Windmill, 1.20 to 11.30, non-stop.

SPREAD IT ABROAD.—William Walker's is the wittiest revue in town; do not miss Ivy St. Helier, Nelson Keys, and the ever-youthful Dorothy Dickson in it: Saville, 8.30. only.

Mirth and Mystery

AREN'T MEN BEASTS!—Straightforward comedy with honest-to-goodness laughs reliant on situation rather than wit; Robertson Hare is a dentist; Alfred Drayton and John Mills back him in fun-making: Strand, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

BOY MEETS GIRL.—Hollywood gets it in the neck again in this star-city skit; Bramwell Fletcher is the boy, Helen Chandler the girl; wisecracks by Donald Macdonald and Clinton Sundberg: Shaftesbury, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CALL IT A DAY.—Dodie Smith's entertaining play deals with family life as lived in St. John's Wood; Fay Compton, Owen Nares, and his son, Geoffrey, are in the cast: Globe, 8.15. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

DUSTY ERMINE.—Leonora Corbett acts charmingly as the daughter of a family gone to seed, whose other members include David Horne and William Fox; drama and humour: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Wed., Fri., 2.30.

THE FROG.—Robust thrills by Edgar Wallace and Ian Hay, in which Gordon Harker is a detective up against a terror that blows up various scenes; Jack Hawkins and a big cast emphasise the suspenses and reliefs: Prince's, 8.10. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

FUGITIVES.—A typical Hackett play; rapid, improbable and convincing, it sweeps Marion Lorne, Godfrey Tearle and Phyllis Dare through personal adventure and national revolution: Apollo, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

HEROES DON'T CARE.—Felix Aylmer is the North Pole hero; and his wife, Carol Goodner, doesn't care for him, nor does Rex Harrison care for heroism; the slight plot of these Arctic inter-actions is a frame for lively acting and dialogue: St. Martin's, 8.40. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

THE KING'S LEISURE.—Effective entertainment from a heavy-handed plot; Paul Cavanagh is a Ruritanian king incognito at a house-party which includes Nora Swinburne: Daly's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LOVE FROM A STRANGER.—Frank Vosper (who adapted the piece from Agatha Christie's novel) is a professional Bluebeard who gets Marie Ney into his clutches; good acting, plenty of thrills, and laughter by Muriel Aked: Queen's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

NIGHT MUST FALL.—Quick revival of Emlyn Williams' gruesome thriller, with Esmond Knight in his part; also Vivienne Bennett and Charles Mortimer: Cambridge, 8.30.

STORM IN A TEACUP.—Meatiest light comedy in town, by James Bridie and Bruno Franck; Roger Livesey and Sara Allgood are best of an amusing cast: Garrick, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

THREE MEN ON A HORSE.—A great laugh from the U.S. in the shape of an old plot cleverly re-done; Romney Brent and Bernard Nedell lead the all-American cast: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

First Nights

NO, NO NANETTE.—Revival of this clever and musical musical has Phyllis Monkman and Clifford Mollison to sing the old songs again: Hippodrome, to-night, 8th.

BLACKBIRDS OF 1936.—Lew Leslie's riot of colour: Gaiety, Thurs., 9th.

MORTON DOWNEY.—The golden-voiced tenor from America is at the top of the Palladium's new variety: Mon., 13th.

CINEMAS

BROKEN BLOSSOMS.—Thomas Burke's story has made a moving film; the laurels go to Dolly Haas, but Emlyn Williams and Arthur Margetson back her splendidly; photography very good: London Pavilion.

THE CASE AGAINST MRS. AMES.—Madeleine Carroll is Mrs. Ames, fighting a series of peppy court cases, but when a lawyer (George Brent) falls in love with her, all goes well; good suspense: Carlton.

FURY.—Spencer Tracy and Sylvia Sidney are the leads of this well-titled film about mob-rule in America: Empire (till Friday).

JANOSIK.—Is described as a romantic thriller; about the eighteenth-century Czecho-Slovakian Robin Hood. Palo Bielik acts him, and the "Maid Margaret" is Zlata Hajdukova: Academy.

THE LADY CONSENTS.—Ann Harding is the lady, and she consents to a divorce from Herbert Marshall in favour of Margaret Lindsay, but gets him back in the end; strong, sophisticated passions at play: Regal.

MODERN TIMES.—Charlie Chaplin's antics as he gets caught in the cogs of a machine age, with Paulette Goddard to give the oil of sentiment, continue to draw crowds to the Marble Arch Pavilion.

THE PHANTOM GONDOLA.—Nothing out of the way to worry you in this French thriller, which runs from Venice viâ Rome to Constantinople, with Marcelle Chantal and Henri Rollan on board: Curzon.

SECRET INTERLUDE.—Robert Taylor and Loretta Young are together for the first time in this romantic story with a butler for a villain: Tivoli.

SHOW BOAT.—Edna Ferber's glamorous musical makes a big film, with Irene Dunne and Allan Jones as the stars, and Paul Robeson singing his fine old songs: Leicester Square.

THE STORY OF LOUIS PASTEUR.—Paul Muni does full justice to the fine part written for him in this new-departure film where character and acting come before plot and dialogue: New Gallery.

SUICIDE CLUB.—Robert Montgomery and Rosalind Russel again in a quick-acting plot: Empire (from Friday).

TILL WE MEET AGAIN.—Herbert Marshall and Gertrude Michael in a convincing Secret Service war film, with plenty of action: Plaza.

BALLET

DE BASIL'S BALLETS RUSSES.—Massine is the maître and premier, the L.P.O. (conducted by Kurtz and Dorati) plays, the company includes Danilova, Baronova, Toumanova, Riabouchinska, and Lichine: Covent Garden, 8.45. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

BLUM-FOKINE BALLET.—The season is prolonged indefinitely, to the joy of many; Michael Fokine in his own creations, with a strong cast and corps, including Woizikovsky, Vilzak, and Eglevsky: Alhambra, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MUSIC

EDNA THOMAS.—Her only recital this season, with Gerald Moore at the piano: Wigmore Hall, Mon., 13th, 8.30.

(*Continued on page* E)

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ALWAYS FIRST CLASS

What's On

(Continued from page D)

SHOWS AND EXHIBITIONS

THE ROYAL ACADEMY : Burlington House, 9-7.

SOCIETY OF GRAPHIC ART : Royal Institute Galleries.

BRIGHTON FLOWER SHOW.—Opens to-day, 8th (two days).

KENT COUNTY SHOW : Canterbury : opens to-day, 8th (three days).

SPORT

TO-DAY, 8th.—Frank Hargreaves Polo Challenge Cup, Hurlingham; Oxford v. Cambridge finishes at Lord's.

THURS., 9TH.—Ashburton Shield, Bisley.

FRI., 10TH.—Lingfield Park Races (two days); Eton v. Harrow, Lord's (two days); King's Cup Air Race, Hatfield (two days); A.A.A. Championships, White City (two days).

SAT., 11TH.—(See above for two-day events); Golf Balls of Stoke Competition, Stoke Poges; Kingston Amateur Regatta; Inter-Regimental Polo Final, Hurlingham; Roehampton Cup Final.

MON., 13TH.—Shaw Challenge Cup opens, Roehampton; Champion Cup opens, Hurlingham.

TUES., 14TH.—Second July Meeting, Newmarket (three days); R.O.R.C. St. Malo yacht race starts, Cowes.

DANCING AND DINING

CARLTON.—There 's a three-turn cabaret every evening; dancing to John Stevens's Keyboarders : extension, Tuesday.

CAFÉ DE PARIS.—The inimitable Beatrice Lillie has just come back to cabaret; Lew Stone's band plays : extension, Wednesday.

DORCHESTER.—The Hollywood Starlets are as gay as ever, and the turns are excellent; Jack Jackson's band : extension, Thursday.

GARDENIA RESTAURANT.—Outdoor and indoor dancing and dining in Park Lane; there 's a Gaucho band.

GROSVENOR HOUSE.—The new dancers here are worth seeing; Syd Lipton's band : extension, Thursday.

LONDON CASINO.—The Folie Parisienne cabaret is mammoth, and plays during dinner and supper; Jack Harris makes music (two bands).

MAY FAIR.—The Jardin Fleuri cabaret changes fortnightly, and the turns take turns with dancing; Harry Roy's band : extension, Friday.

NEW CLARGES.—Here you eat and talk—there 's no music or dancing; the food and wines are excellent.

ODDENINO'S.—Dancing and cabaret in the restaurant; beer and bohemianism in the famous brasserie.

PRUNIER'S.—Fish foods are the specialities, but you can eat what you please; the wine list is also excellent; no music.

QUAGLINO'S.—Cabaret at midnight. Van Straten's band plays and there 's the copper floor : extension, Wednesday.

RITZ.—Café chantant is a way of saying that good cabaret alternates with dancing; Joe Kaye's band plays : extension, Wednesday.

SAN MARCO.—Dwight Fiske tells Fiskian sagas at midnight; Maurice Winnick's band : extension, Wednesday.

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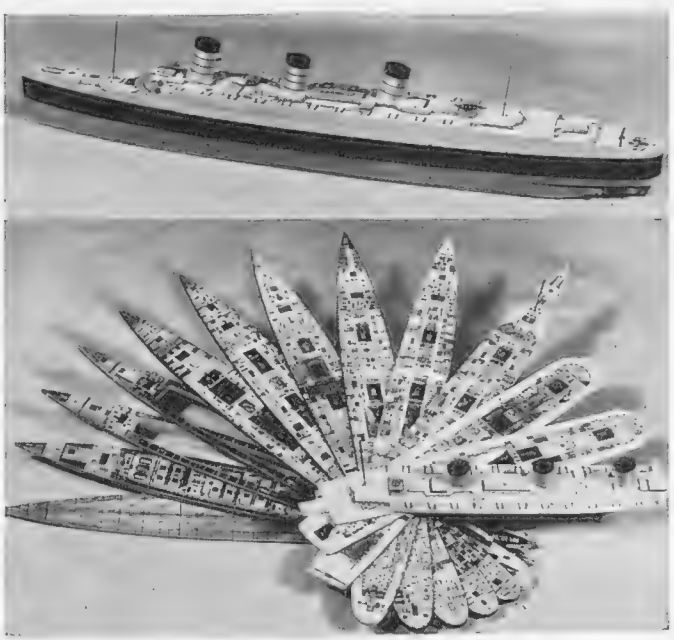

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James Wong Howe — Camera-man

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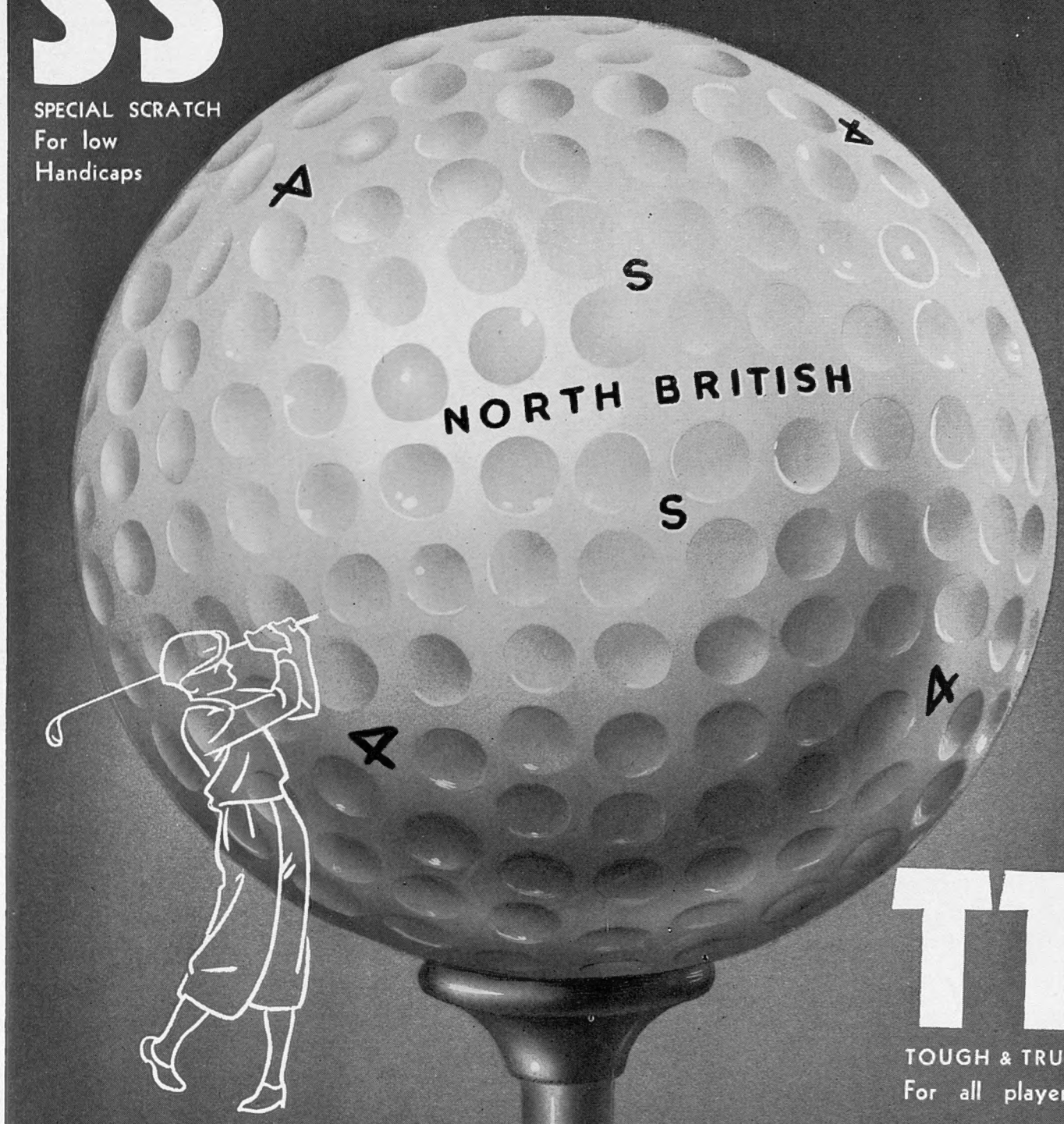

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